Bellefonte Republican.

Established in 1869.} "Let us see to it that a Government, of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."---A. LINCOLN. {Terms: $2.00 per annum.

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EDWARD T. TUTEN, - - Editor.

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EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

IT IS said that the Tichborne claimant has been offered $18,500 for his forthcoming autobiography.

TILDEN and the whole Democratic party are anxious for Grant's nomination for a third term. Bear this in mind.

THE Curtin-Yocum contested election case came up in the House yesterday, and was laid over until Thursday.

MR. GWINUPS is the sole representative of the Greenback party in the New York Legislature. Very appropriate name.

IT IS still reported that Tilden is in feeble health. Well, if he invents all the Democratic rascality we should think he would be feeble.

SENATOR BAYARD says he does not regret having made his rebel speech in 1861, which leads us to believe he has abandoned his presidential asperations.

THE Duchess of Marlborough relief fund leads the New York *Herald* fund by many thousand dollars. But then the Duchess had a long start on the *Herald*.

DEVELOPMENTS which are in progress in Maine are highly interesting to every disciple of reform. Democratic editors, especially, should watch the proceedings.

THE alliance between Peru and Bolivia, it is announced, has been broken off. The severe trouncing received by the Chilians brought about this result.

ATLANTA *Constitution*: Woolley says Speaker Randall kept off war in 1876. We thought it was Mr. Abraham Hewitt who stood in the backyard and "shoo'd."

FROM all the signs we judge that the Republican party will have something to say itself within the next three or four weeks and the boomers will have a chance to take a rest.

THE Republicans of Milton made a clean sweep at the late spring election. All the borough offices are now filled by Republicans, something that has not occurred before in seventeen years.

THE next Republican State Convention is that of Texas, on March 24th. Kansas follows on the 31st. By that time we can make a very fair estimate as to which boom is likely to hold out the longest.

HENDRICKS' position has often been defined and in various ways, but after summing them up he stands about here: He will take a Vice-Presidential nomination, a promise of a Cabinet position, a railroad position, or anything else, and be satisfied.

CAPTAIN RODNEY BAXTER, writing to the Boston *Advertiser* on booms, says "there is the Maine boom, which belongs to Blaine, and the jib-boom, which belongs to Grant." "You notice," says the Captain, "that the jib-boom always comes into port a little ahead." But here is another thing the Captain may as well consider: Sometimes it don't get into port at all.

BLAINE can count on Indiana's thirty delegates. The Indianapolis *Journal* says that "as between Blaine and either of the other two candidates now before the Convention the delegation will vote solidly for Blaine. The unit rule will not be enforced, but adopted as a matter of State policy." He has the satisfaction of knowing, too, that the solid vote of the Republicans of Indiana will be represented by the solid vote of the delegation.

New York for Grant.

New York has followed in the footsteps of Pennsylvania in giving instructions in favor of "our old commander" to be the next President. Perhaps we could not better serve our readers in furnishing the news upon this subject than to quote from some of the leading papers of the country. In speaking of the Utica convention the New York *Herald* (independent) says:

"The Conkling star is still in the ascendant, but it shines with faded lustre. The Senator has succeeded in controlling the convention, but by a much narrower majority than his supporters expected and his opponents conceded. The resistance to the third term has proved altogether stronger than anybody dared to hope or ventured to predict twenty-four hours ago. On the exciting question which has been the hinge of the controversy, the question which has caused all the stir of political activity in the Assembly districts during the choice of delegates, the question which was deemed paramount to every other in the estimation of both the Republican factions and of all outsiders—on this central question which dwarfed and eclipsed every other, Mr. Conkling and his powerful machine has had a narrow escape from defeat! Day before yesterday it was claimed by the machine and virtually conceded by its adversaries that it had a majority of the delegates numbering from 135 to 140. But when the convention was brought to a vote on the vital question of declaring for the ex-President the actual machine majority was found to be only 37!

Oh, what a falling off was here, my countrymen!

"Had the contesting delegations been admitted from Albany, Oneida and other counties the resolution committing the convention to the ex-President would have been lost.

The vote which had this mortifying result was taken immediately after Senator Conkling had made one of the most dexterous speeches ever delivered in a political convention. All the previous work of the machine in the Assemby districts and all the force of Mr. Conkling's eloquence barely saved the resolution from defeat. This unexpected demonstration of weakness after the machine had done its utmost, and when the great Senator was on the ground to command his forces in person, will encourage the anti-third term Republicans in other States, and especially the supporters of Mr. Blaine, who would have had a majority at Utica had the Convention been a fair expression of the real preference of the New York Republicans.

* * * *

"The opponents of the third term in the country at large have great reason to be encouraged. Having come so near to success in New York, where the tide seemed against them and the most powerful and skilfully handled political machine which exists in any State threatened, like a huge Juggernaut, to crush them beneath its wheels, there is no reason why they should despair in any other State. After Pennsylvania and New York there is no State in which there exists a powerful and relentless machine to override the popular sentiment of the party. The real wishes of the people will find expression in the State conventions which are yet to be held; and the machine having barely accomplished its purpose in the two great States where alone it is formidable it looks as if there were already an end of the third term achievements, unless Illinois, where local pride favors the ex-President, should prove an exception. But these three States, important as they are, are entitled to only a fraction of the delegates. The total of their delegates is only 170, whereas the Chicago Convention will consist of 756. If the third term schemers should get Illinois they will have gone to the length of their tether, at least in the Northern States; and the unexpected weakness of the New York machine renders Illinois doubtful. There are chances enough for the success of some other candidate with nearly five-sixths of the delegates yet to be chosen."

The Now York *Tribune* says:

"The Republicans of New York may be congratulated upon the absence of brow-beating and ill temper, and upon the general disposition towards harmony which prevailed in the State Convention yesterday. There was a sharp difference of opinion as to the wisdom of indorsing the candidacy of General Grant, which found free expression in the debate, and divided the body into two sections of nearly equal strength, but this difference produced no hostile feeling, and no wounds were inflicted in the debate which will rankle in the approaching campaign. There seemed to be an undercurrent of conviction running throughout the proceedings that the old factional fights of former years should be buried and forgotten, in view of the paramount necessity for good will and earnest devotion to the Republican cause on the part of all elements of the party in this momentous Presidential year.

"The advocates of the third-term project controlled the Convention. Everybody knew that this would be the case when it was called for so early a date. Their majority in the body was much smaller than they expected, however—so small, in fact, that they felt obliged, as prudent politicians, to seek to accomplish by indirection what they had perhaps purposed to do boldly and with a strong hand. They refrained from instructing the delegates to Chicago to vote for Grant; they refrained from adopting the unit rule; they did not copy the Pennsylvania plan of overriding the wishes of the Congressional districts, and forcing upon them delegates selected to misrepresent their views. Perhaps they knew that they could not violate the settled practice of New York Conventions and the terms of the call for the National Convention without arousing such a spirit of antagonism as would endanger the success of the Chicago nominee. However this may be, Mr. Conkling and his associates in this third-term business acted with fairness and courtesy toward the minority in the steps taken in making up the Chicago delegation. Nor can any complaint be made of the resolution expressing their preference for General Grant, and pledging New York to support him, as far as it affects the delegates at large. The resolution is objectionable because it has the color if not the form of positive instructions, and seeks to do what the Convention had no right to do—compel a portion of the district delegates to vote at Chicago against their consciences and against the known wishes of their constituents. It was the right of the majority to instruct these delegates at large or to pledge their vote, which amounts to the same thing. But here the power of the Convention stopped."

The *Weekly Notes* says: "As we foresaw, New York State sends to Chicago a delegation pledged to support Mr. Grant's candidacy, and Illinois will probably do the same. On the other hand, Indiana is even more solid for Blaine, and Ohio still seems to hesitate between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman. * * * * Such shrewd people as our professional politicians might be expected to bear in mind that it is one thing to select a candidate, but quite another thing to elect him. It may be possible—we hope it is not—to nominate either Mr. Grant or his competitor at Chicago; but we are satisfied that neither of these gentlemen would, if thus nominated, be honored with the suffrages necessary to his elevation to the Presidency. Either of them will be placed between two fires from the moment of his nomination. The day when the stalwart Republicans were strong enough, not only to control party conventions, but to command the votes of the majority, is gone,—let us hope forever. The candidate now to be chosen is one who can command the suffrages of all sections of the party. In the steps thus far taken towards his selection, we have heard chiefly the voices of those who will vote for any candidate the party may choose to put in nomination, which is, after all, although the largest section of the party, the least important in its councils."

Democratic "Smarties" in Congress.

Is it possible that the demagogues in Congress do not see that the people are laughing at them? Here they are, says the *Tribune*, busily engaged in trying to make political capital for themselves out of the very prosperity that they predicted could not come, and stubbornly tried to prevent. Some have small schemes on foot to make people believe that all prosperity that may come hereafter is their handiwork. Some are engaged in little tricks to make people believe that the existing prosperity is mainly due to some empty or mischievous measures which they pushed through a year or more ago. Others are discharging most solemn and gloomy orations, full of hard words and startling figures of speech, to prove that the country is not prosperous after all; that the "toiling millions" are frightfully oppressed and suffering; and that everlasting smash must come at an early day. Meanwhile the people laugh. The tricks of the demagogues deceive no longer. The personal distress, which made so many men ready to swallow arrant nonsense not long ago, blinds their eyes and dulls their brains no longer. There is prosperity in field and factory, in store and shop, in mine and mill, and the people enjoy it. Moreover, they know what caused it, and know that the demagogues had they been permitted to have their way, would have prevented the coming of that brighter day.

Theorists may dispute until they are weary, but the plain people have seen that the resumption of specie payments wakened trade and industry to life. That was the Promethean flame that kindled the fires in furnaces that had been dark so long; that was the might and magic word that started the wheels in a thousand factories. It will not pay any demagogue to hide the fact or deny it. Men who have eyes see the fact. The tricks of demagogues are too late. They thought that all the people were behind them in all their resistance to resumption, and so were bold and uncompromising. Perhaps it is true that they did at one time express the feeling then prevalent among the people. But times have changed, and men with them. Bad times have given place to good. Revival of prosperity has converted thousands of voters to intelligent ideas of financial matters. Resumption has rolled over and crushed its adversaries in its progress. The demagogues are beaten and "the loser pays."

THE Senate Committee on Territories recommends the passage of a bill extending the jurisdiction of United States courts in civil and criminal matters to the Indian Territory, and providing for the acquirment of citizenship by the Indians.

HOP-WOH, a Chinese laundryman of Brooklyn, has given two hundred and fifty dollars for the relief of Ireland. This generous act ought to make Dennis Kearney go out and tie a knot in his neck.

——Let the school boy cut this out and paste it in his hat: The seven wonders of the world were the Pyramids of Egypt, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Statue of Jupiter at Athens by Phidias, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos of Alexandria.

——The Chinese are fond of serial stories, but one which does not run at least twenty years is looked upon as a great literary failure. All stories are paid for by the foot.

James G. Blaine.

"THAT LEADER OF LEADERS."—SPEECH OF ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, OF ILLINOIS, IN THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION OF 1876.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman. They demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest, and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. They demand a man acquainted with public affairs, with the wants of the people, with not only the requirements of the hour, but with the demands of the future. They demand a man broad enough to comprehened the relations of this Government to the other nations of the earth. They demand a man well versed in the powers, duties, and prerogatives of each and every department of this Government. They demand a man who will sacredly preserve the financial honor of the United States; one who knows enough to know that the national debt must be paid through the prosperity of this people; one who knows enough to know that all the financial theories in the world cannot redeem a single dollar; one who knows enough to know that all the money must be made, not by law, but by labor; but by one who knows enough to know that the people of the United States have the industry to make the money and the honor to pay it over just as fast as they make it.

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and the turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire, greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil.

This money has to be dug out of the earth. You cannot make it by passing resolutions in a political convention.

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders, and protect its protectors, is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. They demand a man whose political reputation is spotless as a star; but they do not demand that their candidate shall have a certificate of moral character signed by a confederate congress. The man who has, in full, heaped, and rounded measure, all these splendid qualifications, is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvellous achievements of its century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who has the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brain beneath her flag—such a man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year—a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution; filled with proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm—a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field—a year in which they call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; for the man who has snatched the mask of Democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; for the man who, like an intellectual athletic, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who is still a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republican party to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred, because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the Convention: In the name of the great Republic, the only Republic that ever existed upon this earth; in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle, and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose sufferings he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

WASHINGTON.

Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 26.

The Democratic party still maintains their defensive and timid attitude in National politics. Their National Committee has just called their National Convention at Cincinnati two weeks following the Republican Convention. Most politicians think that this means that they propose to take advantage of any error or weakness the Republicans may commit at Chicago. I have talked with some Democrats who say that should Grant be nominated at Chicago they will put up Hancock and an Ohio man on the ticket, thereby claiming to be able to carry both Pennsylvania and Ohio, because of the dissatisfaction among Republicans with Cameron—Grant management and opposition to the third term. However should Grant be withdrawn, they will have to change this pretty programme and revise their calculation, and since the strong showing of Senator Blaine where the General was supposed to have everything his own way, renders his witdrawal not improbable. His best friends say that he will not take the nomination unless it is made unanimous on the first ballot which is impossible now.

As the light is being let in on the scene by which the Democrats hoped to steal the seat of Washburn of Minnesota, they begin to quail before the indignation which such an act arouses in advance. It would be as bad as the late Maine steal, and I don't believe even the Democrats dare to commit it pending a National campaign.

Boynton who recently made charges against General Sherman has been snubbed at Headquarers. The President declines to order a Court Martial, and intimates that Boynton can find a means of redress in the Courts. Mr. Hayes fully understands this matter and don't intend to Court Martial any officer for charges made against such a man as Boynton. It would be difficult to make a charge that would not hit him somewhere.

The despatches from Indiana say that of the the 30 delegates who were elected in that State yesterday, 24 are for Blaine. The ten delegates from Vermont are for Senator Edmunds first and Blaine afterwards.

Speaker Randall still keeps saying that Congress can adjourn in May easily, and yet he and his friends throw all sorts of obstacles in the way of public business, showing that they do not really mean what they say. They are hoping all the time for opportunities for mischief, but all the time they are preparing huge blunders to kill themselves with. PHIL.

HUBLERSBURG, Penn.

The musical concert which for some time has been the topic of conversation in our town, was held on Saturday evening, Feb. 21st. At seven o'clock the conductors, Mr. John Miller and Prof. Rearick, filled their respective places; the former assuming charge of the vocal part, and the latter presiding at the organ. The exercises were opened by the class singing an appreciative opening entitled, "A welcome to all." This was followed by quite a number of solos, quartetts and choruses. Among these were several that deserve more than a passing notice; "Cast one little thought for me;" "Little Foot Steps," "Homeless and alone to-night," were solos and choruses well sang.

The crowning piece of the evening was a duet, "O'er the Hill, O'er the Dale," rendered by Prof. J. Frank Yearick and Miss Flora Krape. The latter is a singer whose equal has never warbled sweet music in our hearing; her well cultivated voice held the audience spell bound, causing a thrill of admiration to greet her at the close. As a vocalist, Miss K. has made herself a name long to be remembered. They entertained their audience for over two hours; they presented a fine appearance, seated in a pleasing manner. After the concert, most of the entire audience and the class went to the basement of the church to partake of an oyster supper, served in an elegant style.

After the inner man had been strengthened, they dispersed to their respective homes with the closing thoughts of having spent a pleasant evening. MORE ANON.

—For those distressing diseases peculiar to women Days Kidney Pad is invaluable.

Poetry.

THE THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips and tops and pieces of strings,
  There are shoes which no little feet wear,
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
  And tresses of golden hair.
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
  There are toys and models of ships,
There are books and pictures all faded and torn,
  And marked by the fingered tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
  Sometimes, when I try to pray,
That the reaper has spared so many flowers
  And taken mine away.
And I almost doubt if the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

Then I think of the many weary ones
  Who are waiting and watching to-night
For the slow return of faltering feet
  That have strayed from the paths of right;
Who have darkened their lives by shame and sin,
Whom the snares of the tempter have gathered in.

They wander far in distant climes,
  They perish by fire and flood,
And their hands are black with the direst crimes
  That kindle the wrath of God.
Yet a mother's song has soothed them to rest,
She hath lulled them to slumber upon her breast.

And then I think of my children three,
  My babes that never grow old,
And know they are waiting and watching for me,
  In the city with the streets of gold,
Safe, safe from the cares of the weary years,
  From sorrow, and sin, and war,
And I thank my God with falling tears
  For the things in the bottom drawer.

AT NIGHT.

Translated from "Juste Ollivier."

At night when work is done, 'mid shadows gray
  that darken
And cling about the window, where once the
  sun was bright,
Sweet sounds come back again to which we
  used to harken,
  At night!

At night, tho' we are old, and the gray shadows
  clinging,
Presage to us that shore where there is no more
  light,
Sometimes there come again sweet airs of child-
  hood singing,
  At night!

At night we two may sit in shadow, open-
  hearted;
Long since the time is past when Hope was all
  in sight!
Softly we sing the songs of happy days departed,
  At night!

At night the cricket's voice sounds through the
  shadows dreary;
Our songs, alas! like his, have neither charm
  nor weight;
We only rest and sing, hushed hopes and voices
  weary,
  At night!

Our Story Teller.

Why Kittie Did Not Kill Herself.

Miss Kittie Gibson, aged nineteen, eyes blue, complexion peachy, health perfect, had made up her mind to die.

This decision had been reached after much deep reflection, some sharp twinges of regret, and a fierce conflict with conscience; nevertheless, it had been reached with unalterable firmness. Perhaps a physiognomist would have declared that firmness was not a quality of mind possessed by Miss Kitty Gibson, and by so declaring he would have proved simply the absurdity of his own sciences. What though her chin was not square and angular, after the manner of Joan of Arc's—did that indicate a lack of courage, self-reliance, or determination? May not blue eyes sometimes look out from as fathomless depths as black? And may not a fixed resolution form itself in the breast of a pretty, peachy-girl of nineteen as well as the maturer bosom of aquiline-nosed maidens? Thus would Kitty Gibson have reasoned with any physiognomist who might have dared to intrude his obnoxious arguments upon her, as she sat, on a certain winter's day, gazing out of the kitchen window.

The question of a speedy death had been settled beyond all quibble or doubt; and it remained now only for this young lady of suicidal proclivities to determine what means she should employ to consummate her design. A pistol would be quick and effective, but there wasn't a pistol in the house. Poison, particularly strychnine, presented itself to her mind as a Mecca for all death coveting maidens; but there was the difficulty of procuring the drug—of reaching the Mecca. What would Hiram Griswold think if she were to go to the village store and ask him for an ounce of strychnine? And would one ounce be enough? She might hang herself in the barn, but that was more properly a masculine method of self-destruction. She might cut her throat with Uncle Randolph's razor, but for a lingering recollection of the difficulty she had experienced in sharpening lead pencils with that venerable instrument. Besides, such a plan would disfigure her dreadfully, and she desired, above all things, to be a neat and comely-looking corpse. There was yet another way open to her, and that was the river. This impressed her more favorably than either pistol or poison, rope or razor. Even such sensible heroines as those who figure in George Eliot's novels were given to watery graves, and drowning seemed at once the simplest, the most agreeable, and the most romantic method of putting an end to her burdensome existence. The river it should be—the broad, swift Connecticut, which flowed within half a mile of Uncle Randolph's house, and which seemed at that precise moment, to Uncle Randolph's pretty niece, designed by Providence to afford her a moist and peaceful exit from this dry and warring world. She would drown herself just as soon as the ice melted. And this weighty question having been decided, Miss Kitty Gibson rose up from her seat, filled the tea-kettle with water, and replenished the fire with a stick of wood.

Except they be insane, girls of nineteen, with comfortable homes and good digestions, do not make up their minds to drown themselves without a cause. I will not say without sufficient cause, since that might plunge me into a defence of suicide under possible conditions—a line of argument which no Christian story-teller would care to follow. Kitty Gibson was not insane, but she believed that circumstances rendered excusable the step she was about to take, that is, a step into the Connecticut river. Called upon to analyze and explain their circumstances, she would have brought forth as the result of her self-searching, first, love unreciprocated; next, pride deeply wounded; and last a heart which she believed to be broken so hopelessly that not even the magic of Time's cement could mend it. A month before, Kitty Gibson was the happiest as well as the prettiest girl in the State of Connecticut; at least that is what everybody who knew her said, and no doubt that is what Kitty herself thought, although she did not, of course, acknowledge the fact to others. A month before, and she was counting the days until spring, until the dawn of that blossomy May when she was to be married. What was it that had turned the thoughts of this young lady from bridal veils to poisons, pistols and other horrible subjects? What could it be, except a quarrel with Jack? Obviously, nothing. Obviously, Kitty and Jack had quarreled.

Now there are Jacks and Jacks in this world, but with the single exception of Jack Burroughs, Kitty Gibson cared nothing for the whole pack of Jacks. He was the right bower, with which she fully intended to play life's game, and make all the points desirable. That, at least, had been her intentions a month before. But now—now, alas! she had turned him down. The mustard seed from which had sprung this many-branched tree of misery had taken root at Helen Clapp's party. Indeed, Helen herself might be termed the seed. With Helen Jack had danced the opening reel, which everybody knew was a shocking breach of etiquette. He ought to have danced it with Kitty, with his affianced bride. Like the spirited young woman she was, Kitty Gibson punished her lover by accepting an invitation to supper from Cyrus Phelps. Jack was dumbfounded at this behavior, while Kitty enjoyed her triumph, and ate her ice cream demurely. It is to be confessed that Cyrus Phelps was not the most agreeable of companions; that his range of conversation was limited to the weather and the condition of the roads; and that, whenever he attempted to strike out into broader fields, he lost himself completely in the marshes of grammar and the pitfalls of language. Kitty did not care for this, however. She was watching out of the corners of her bright eyes, and with a gleam of wicked satisfaction, the forlorn face of Jack Burrougns; and she accepted Cyrus, with his plural subjects and singular verbs, as a necessary adjunct to the infliction of her righteous punishment. When the hour for going home arrived, Kitty, bundled in shawls and furs, took her seat by Jack's side in the cutter, but said never a word.

"Perhaps you would have preferred Cyrus Phelps' company to mine," remarked the young man, when they had ridden a mile without speaking.

"And no doubt you would be very much happier if Helen Clapp was sitting at your side," rejoined Kitty.

"G'lang!" said Jack, touching the flanks of his horse with the whip.

That was the first instance on record where Jack Burroughs had sought to get over ground rapidly with Kitty Gibson in the cutter and at his side, and the stars twinkling overhead.

When the sleigh drew up in front of Uncle Randolph's gate, Jack, holding the reins in one hand, helped Kitty to alight. His face was very stern and grave.

"Good night," said he. And with that, for the first time since their engagement, Jack drove off without kissing the red lips which he had a right to kiss.

If the red lips pouted, or possibly quivered, there was no one present to see. And if the owner of those red lips, so cruelly neglected, cried herself to sleep that night, Jack Burroughs was profoundly ignorant of the fact.

This, then, was the little seed which had grown into a tree of misery mustard-like in proportions.

On the very next day Kitty had written a note to Jack, beginning "Mr. Burroughs," requesting the immediate return of her letters and picture, and signed, "Respectfully yours, Kate Gibson." When lovers fall into such strait-laced formalities of expressions as these, what is to be expected? Jack sent back the letters and picture; and from the moment of their receipt Kitty began to meditate upon the simple and most agreeable method of suicide. Her cogitations culminated, as we have seen, in a final resolve to throw herself into the Connecticut river—just as soon as the ice melted.

"Here's a match," said Jack, and he held out his hand.

"Aunt Martha is up stairs," answered Kitty, addressing herself to her uncle, and paying no heed to Mr. Burrough's proffered match. "I'll go and call her." And with this the young lady beat a hasty retreat.

"That Joshia Marshall is a scoundrel and a thief," resumed Uncle Randolph, as he took down the kerosene lamp from the mantlepiece. "I'd like to kick him, and the whole tribe of Marshalls along with him!"

"It's a pretty numerous tribe," observed Jack, good-humoredly. "Let me help you put on that chimney."

Had Uncle Randolph been a man quick to detect the exterior evidences of a broken heart, or even a broken engagement, he must surely have seen that something was wrong with Kitty. As it was, however, Uncle Randolph was not quick to detect anything, except perhaps, opinions differing from his own. A man of political, religious, social, or moral beliefs antagonistic in any way to the political, religious, social or moral beliefs of Uncle Randolph was said by the latter to be a rascal. Nor would the minor virtues of honesty, integrity, and industry in any manner mitigate the ultimate conclusion, or compensate for the fatal differences. Uncle Randolph held it to be a truth as self-evident as any of those set forth in the Declaration of Independence that a man who supported Thisism and not Thatism was a knave. And yet Uncle Randolph was a very good man at heart, as was abundantly shown by his acts. He talks like a terrible bigot, yet he did all things in a spirit of broad catholicity. He had denounced the unfortunate father of Kitty Gibson as a worthless scamp (chiefly because he was a Thisist) and yet when this worthless scamp came to die, he took Kitty to his own home, and cared for her as tenderly as though she had been his child. Besides himself and pretty neice, Uncle Randolph's household included his maiden sister Martha, his aunt, whose memory stretched back through the mists of eighty years, and Tom Turner, a distant twig of the family trunk, who never troubled himself to find out why it was that he came to be numbered among the family. Uncle Randolph devoted himself chiefly to protracted and heated discussions in Hiram Griswold's store; old Aunt Charity spent all her time in knitting; Miss Martha kept her mind fixed upon the household duties; while Tom Turner's mind, such as it was, drew nourishment principally from the writings of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr. Thus severally occupied, none of the members of the family had found time to discover that Kitty's heart was broken. It was known, in a vague sort of way, that the young lady had quarrelled with her lover, and that Jack Burroughs had not visited the house for a month; but then young ladies were always quarrelling with their lovers, and no doubt Jack would turn up again in good time. Uncle Randolph continued his discussions, Miss Martha her scrubbing, Aunt Charity her knitting, and Tom Turner his regular doses of peppery literature. And it is to be added that even Kitty herself, influenced, no doubt, by the course of those about her, followed very closely in the accustomed grooves of life, and ate her three meals a day with tolerable relish. Yet she had fully made up her mind to die.

Like all well conducted heroines who drown themselves, Kitty determined to leave behind her a touching little letter, wherein forgiveness should be extended to all her enemies, and an appeal made to her friends not to mourn her loss.

"I will write that letter now," thought she to herself, pouring the water into the tea-kettle.

And thereupon, as a proper preliminary to all epistolary effort, Kitty brought out the dictionary, a sheet of paper, and a lead pencil, and sat down to bid the world a final farewell. The date was left blank, until the sun should thaw the ice in the river. The early winter twilight was deepening into darkness, and the kettle was singing on the stove, when Kitty finished her letter. One or two of the hard words in which heart-rooted grief found utterance were searched out in the dictionary; for this suicidal young lady would have deemed it shocking indeed to have left behind her so momentous a document with any slips of orthography. Thus Webster assured her doubting mind as to the "melancholy," and determined the order of vowels in "relief." And it was while Kitty was yet picturing to herself the effect which this pathetic letter would produce upon those who loved her—in which category Mr. Jack Burroughs was not included—that the sound of Uncle Randolph's voice broke in upon her reveries. With a blush and a start, Kitty thrust the sheet of paper into the dictionary and closed the volume.

"He is a scoundrel and a thief," she heard her uncle say, as he drew near the door. "You can't tell me anything about the Marshalls; I've known the whole race of 'em for twenty years. Old Silas Marshall went from Windsor to Hartford, and sold soap and candles, and during the Jackson campaign—"

Precisely what the late Silas Marshall did during the Jackson campaign was not told at that moment, for the door opening cut short the thread of conversation. Uncle Randolph walked into the kitchen, while behind him, self-confident and smiling, walked Mr. Jack Burroughs. Trembling all over, Kitty rose up from her seat and thanked the twilight which hid her face.

"Where's your Aunt Martha?" inquired Uncle Randolph. "Jack has come over to eat supper with us. Why don't you light up?"

While Jack was adjusting the lamp, Miss Martha who never found time to dress up, as she expressed it, until late in the afternoon, entered the room. Miss Martha was a capital house keeper. Moreover, she was what the New Englander calls "smart," and the Englishman "clever." And she was what the world, in diverse tongues and dialects, calls "eccentric." Perhaps one of her most noticeable eccentricties was that of mixing the names of the members of her own household. Tom Turner was called "Randolph" quite as often as he was "Tom," and Kitty answered promptly when addressed as "Nancy," albeit the old Nancy in the family had married a dozen years before, and was now living in Oregon. Jack Burroughs had long before grown familiar with this peculiarity, so that when Miss Martha, upon entering the kitchen, said, "Is that you, William?" Jack responded, cheerily, "It is."

"Well, I'm propper glad to see you," exclaimed Miss Martha. "It seems an age since you've been inside the house. Take off your great coat, and come into the sitting-room and get warm. How's Lydia and the old folks?"

Jack gave a satisfactory account of the health of the Burroughs family, and Miss Martha then withdrew to look after the supper.

Meantime Kitty, who had rushed to her own room, with face flushed, hands trembling, and bosom heaving, had donned her best black alpaca, and combed out the braids of her nut brown hair, which was hers by growth and not by purchase. Not that she did it in honor of Jack Burroughs. By no means. She would have done it for anybody—anybody who was going to stay to supper. And she tried hard to convince herself that it was not because of Jack that her face flushed and her hands trembled. What was Jack to her now? Had he not sent back her letters and picture, and kept away from her for a whole month? And was she not a heart-broken maiden, resolved to die as soon as the ice in the Connecticut river melted? These thoughts whirled through her brain as she fastened a bit of white lace at her throat—lace which Aunt Charity had once worn, when knitting was not her sole aim in life—and took a final peep at her pretty self in the double sectioned mirror. That peep must have been eminently satisfactory. At all events it made her conscious of her beauty, and caused her to forget the terrible letter lying between the pages of the dictionary down stairs.

When Kitty went into the sitting-room to announce that "supper was ready," she saluted Jack with chilling politeness, and addressed him as "Mr. Burroughs." That ought to have stabbed the young man to the heart, but it didn't. He looked very grave, to be sure, and called her "Miss Gibson," but there was the old roguish twinkle in his gray eyes, and Kitty detected at once that, under his assumed gayety, there was a desire, restrained only by continual exertion, to burst out laughing. Naturally this vexed the young lady to a degree where tears would have been a sweet relief. It was not enough, then, that this wicked, deceitful, cruel Jack should make a plaything of her heart, but he must needs exult over his atrocious conduct. Kitty could have cried with a relish, but she remembered her letter and her resolution to die, and so, in lieu of tears, the drew solace from that grim thought.

At the supper table Jack was unusually talkative. He complimented Miss Martha upon the excellence of her flaky biscuits, and emphasized his appreciation by eating half a dozen of them; he expressed his cordial sympathy with Uncle Randolph's desire to kick the tribe of Marshalls, and evinced a deep interest in the plot of the story which Tom Turner had just devoured; he shouted the praises of Aunt Charity's knitting in tones so lusty that the old lady was made to hear, albeit she was wont to declare herself "so proper deef she couldn't hear anything;" and as for Kitty, this wicked Jack bombarded her with such a volley of interrogatories that she was forced into an unwilling conversation. When the meal was at an end, Kitty persisted in helping Miss Martha wash the dishes.

"You'll only hinder me," expostulated the elder maiden," and besides, you've got on your best dress. Go into the sitting-room and entertain Jack."

But the younger maiden was fixed in her purpose. So she went to her room to don her apron, and left Jack to entertain himself.

Thereupon, the heir of the house of Burroughs picked up a bulky volume and sat down by the open fire in the sitting-room. The bulky volume proved to be Webster's Dictionary, which careless Kitty had thrown on the table on her first hasty retreat from the kitchen. Jack turned over the leaves listlessly until he came to a sheet of paper written upon in a chirography pleasantly familiar. Of course it was highly improper for him to read that paper, yet as a chronicler of simple facts I am forced to record that he did read it. And this is what it contained:

"To Dear Uncle Randolph, and all who love me:

"I have determined to drown myself, because I am tired of life. My heart is broken, and I can see no relief except in death. Forgive me for what I am about to do, and I shall pray God to forgive me also. I do not want to live and suffer"—

Here the words "since Jack" were scratched out, and in their stead was written, "during the past—" (a blank to be filled in when the ice should thaw.)

"I forgive everybody. I hope you will not mourn for me, nor remember my melancholy end, because I do not deserve it. With love to you and to dear Aunt Martha and Aunt Charity and Tom, I remain,

"Your heart-broken KATE."

How many times Jack read and reread this singular document will never be known, but when Kitty entered the room, a quarter of an hour later, he was still sitting with the dictionary upon his knees and the paper in his hand.

"I thought Uncle Randolph was here," said Kitty, hesitating whether to remain or not, and failing to observe what it was that so absorbed Jack's attention. He turned with a start, as though first conscious of her presence, and thrust the sheet of paper back into the volume. Then he said, very gravely.

"Your uncle is not here, Kitty. Won't you be seated? I want to talk with you."

Kitty sat down upon the high-backed sofa, and fell to studying the figures in the carpet. Jack went over and took a seat by her side. She did not notice that he held the dictionary under his right arm.

"Kitty," said Jack, with becoming solemnity, "I do not believe you have been very happy during the past month, have you?"

Kitty's lip began to tremble, but she answered, desperately, "Why shouldn't I have been happy?"

"Because," replied the candid Jack, "you have not had me to torment you."

"You mean to say that I cannot be happy without you, Mr. Burroughs?" Kitty was still gazing intently at the carpet, so that she did not see the smile that played about Jack's mouth as he answered:

"Yes, I have reason to believe that without me you would be very miserable."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Kitty. "I should like to know what right you have to believe that?"

"Well, Kitty, I judge you by myself. I have been wretched ever since the night of that unfortunate party. I made up my mind yesterday to swallow my pride and come here and ask you to forget and forgive. We were both to blame, although the fault, no doubt, was mine to begin with."

"If you have been wretched, as you say," rejoined Kitty, her eyes still fixed on the floor," why didn't you go to Helen Clapp? You would surely have found comfort there."

"Nonsense, Kitty. I care nothing for Helen Clapp—no more than you do for Cyrus Phelps. I haven't seen her, nor have I wanted to see her, since the night of the party."

"You take it for granted, I presume, that I will overlook all that has happened without a word."

"I did not take it for granted, Kitty, until—"

"Until what?" Here the young lady turned her eyes suddenly upon Jack, and discovered for the first time the volume under his arm. "What is that book?" she demanded, blushing scarlet.

"That," returned Jack, with tantalizing composure—"that is Webster's Dictionary. While you were engaged in washing the dishes I was improving the time by a study—"

"Give it to me this instant!" demanded Kitty, springing to her feet.

Jack handed her the volume without a word. She snatched it impetuously, and turned over the leaves until she came to the letter.

"You have read it!" she exclaimed, crumpling the sheet of paper in her hand.

"Why, Jack!" And thereupon Kitty threw herself upon the sofa and, with her face buried in the cushion, began to sob convulsively.

And what did Jack do? Perhaps he drew her to his side and told her what a very, very wicked girl she was to think of drowning her pretty self. Perhaps he repeated to her, for the thousandth time at least, the story of his love, which had grown and deepened during a month of self-inflicted torture, and which was dearer to him than all else in life—dearer than fame or fortune, or even the Phi Beta Kappa key which he had won at Yale. Perhaps he soothed her with soft words, and rested her head upon his breast, and convinced her that, after all, she had much to live for in this world, and that her heart was not so seriously shatterered as she had fancied. Perhaps, even, he kissed her; but that is no affair of ours.

Whatever Jack may have done, this much I know to be a fact; when the ice in the river thawed, Kitty did not throw herself into the waters of the Connecticut. And when the blossomy May came round she blushed prettily because people called her "Mrs. Burroughs."

He was reading in the paper the other evening of Dodd, Brown & Co.'s failure. When the little five-year-old went to bed that night, she said: "Mamma, who shall I pray to now that Dodd has failed?"

If a man doesn't know anything, and doesn't even know that he doesn't know anything, he is pretty sure to take upon himself the larger part of the conversation.

An exchange praises a very large egg, which it says was "laid on our table by the Rev. Dr. Smith." Brother Smith seems to be a layman as well as a preacher.

John writes to inquire how the Ark was propelled. We should say to John that the Ark was a row boat, and was propelled by an Noah.

"What's the use of your trying to lie about it so clumsily?" says the magistrate, benevolently; "haven't you a lawyer?"

To blow out a kerosene lamp with safety to yourself—Get samebody else to do the blowing.

Edison's Daily Routine.

About 10 A. M. he starts for his office, where for about two hours he is intensely occupied in attending with his private secretary to the mass of correspondence piling in upon him at the rate ofttentimes of over two hundred letters a day. After disposing of his correspondence he devotes his time to a perusal of the numerous papers, pamphlets, documents and books, scientific and otherwise, that come to him from all parts of the world. He reads with great rapidity and yet with astonishing thoroughness, as days afterward he readily recalls what he has been over. By 2 P. M. he is in his laboratory reviewing the results of the experiments and work of his assistants performed in his absence. Consultations with Mr. Batchelor, his chief assistant, next occupy him for a considerable time. After this is over he may be said to be fairly in the midst of his labor of love. A recital of the experiments he daily tries, the plans he devises and the suggestions he offers would seem exaggerated were it not that hundreds of record books in his laboratory bearing the marks of his labor attest the same with unimpeachable accuracy. The majority of days his meals are served him at his work. The hard work of the inventor, however, begins after dark. The work of the day is more of a preliminary character—a getting ready for the herculean efforts that one by one grow and develop until they finally reach as a whole a perfected invention.

Lincoln and Lord Hartington.

The Hon. Schuyler Colfax, in his lecture the other night, at Indianapolis, told a new story and a good one. The Marquis of Hartington, present leader of the English Liberal party, was traveling in this country during the war, and while here made a semi-official call on President Lincoln. He was introduced to honest Old Abe in the White House with some ceremony, but Mr. Lincoln grasped the hand of the Marquis with his broad hand, closed a grip on it that brought the tears to the Englishman's eyes, and said in a cheery voice:

"Glad to see you, Marquis of Hartington. We shall never forget you—because your name rhymes with one of our great characters—Mrs. Partington! How are you, Marquis?" and he gave Hartington another squeeze; after which my lord left the executive chamber nursing his hand and his temper, declaring to a friend that "your American President is a boor!"

The secret of the President's action was that the Marquis had appeared at a ball in New York a few nights before his visit to Washington and ostentatiously wore the rebel colors in his button-hole. The incident was published, and the President, knowing the Marquis was to call at the White House, concluded to give the haughty but ill-bred Englishman a puncture that he would get through even his Bull-hide. And he did.

Jacob's Faith.

An old character, known only as "Jacob," died in Harrison county, Kentucky, a few days ago, at the age of 75 years. Jacob was a colored man, and until just before the outbreak of the war was a slave. He thought a great deal on the condition of his race, and having been taught to read, was an eager student of the Bible. One day it entered his mind that if he should pray in full faith his master would set him free. Stealing away from the other field hands, therefore, he went to the woods and poured out what was most of his heart. The overseer told Jacob's owner that Jacob had gone to the woods, and the master followed him with the purpose of chastising him. But, arrived within sound of Jacob's voice, the slaveholder's ears were assailed with the most vigorous appeal he had ever heard. At last, when Jacob had concluded his prayer, his master told him that he might consider himself free. The old darkey never left the homestead, however, and to the day of his death lived in the house where he had been born.

Admiral S. P. Lee having refused to sell a plat of land to W. W. Corcoran, the generous patron of the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington, the latter writes in reply: "Your refusal defeats my cherished purpose to enlarge the gallery and extend its benefits by the addition of a school of design, and renders the three vacant lots already purchased for the purpose of no practical use to the institution." The same refusal has made Mrs. Ogle Taylor, of Wasnington, postpone the gift to the gallery of a fine collection of paintings and other works of art which she owns, and for which there is now no room.

The great capitalist and owner of steamships, M. Isaac Pereire, of Paris, has recently offered a prize of one hundred thousand francs for the best essay on various social questions, and especially on the extinction of pauperism. Edmond About, J. B. Dumos, of the Academy; Guirto de Girardin, and Schultze Delitsch, of the German Parliament, are on the committee to decide on the merits of the assays.

It is no wonder that the arm of a young man who goes courting should grow thin, because it goes so much to waist.

M. Jules Favre has not left a fortune as considerable as might have been expected, judging from his renown as an advocate and the high posts he filled. Each of his three children will have about $30,000.

"Where can I get good, cheap board?" asked the traveler. And the boy sent him to the planing-mill.

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DAILY PAPERS & PERIODICALS

11-6

Professional Cards.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.
Office in rooms formerly occupied by the late W. P. Wilson. ja4'71-tf

A. O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law,
office in his new building, north side and opposite the Court House. 8 1-tf

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney-at-Law,
office on High Street, second door from First National Bank. 8 42-tf

W. A. MORRISON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

E. BLANCHARD.....E. M. BLANCHARD.
E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law,
v6 1-1y Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reynolds & Co.'s Bank. v6n1-1y

C. T. ALEXANDER.....C. M. BOWERS.
ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's building, opposite Court House. 6-1—9-32

BUSH, YOCUM & HASTINGS, Attorneys-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa. Office North-east corner of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank. 7 1-1y

STITZER & MAGEE, Attorneys-at-Law
Office next to Garman's hotel. in Reynolds' bank, Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English or German.

JOHN BLAIR LINN, Attorney-at-Law,
Office on Allegheny street, Bellefotne, Pa. 11-8-tf

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law,
Bellefonte, Pa. Office on Allegheny street, first door south of Lyon's new store. 5 17-1y

Banks and Bankers.

E. C. HUMES, Pres't..... J. P. HARRIS, Cash'r.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. v6n1-1y

Physicians and Dentists.

DR. E. I. KIRK.

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, can be found at his office and residence on North side of High Street, three doors East of Allegheny, Bellefonte, Pa. 10-16 1y

G. M. SWARTZ, Dentist, located at Bellefonte, Pa. Office in the Myers property, on Bishop street, opposite Graham's Shoe Store. 8-23

DR. J. D. GEISSINGER,

DENTIST.

A graduate of the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, Philadelphia, has permanently located in Bellefonte, Pa., for the practice of Dentistry in all its branches, including the treatment of diseases of the mouth.
Office: Second floor, Furst's building, North side of Court House. 10-31-tf

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Pared and Unpared Peaches,
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Railroads.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Nov. 9, 1879:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves Philadelphia		11 55 p m
" " Harrisburg		4 25 a m
" " Williamsport		8 35 a m
" " Jersey Shore		9 07 a m
" " Lock Haven		9 40 a m
" " Renovo		11 00 a m
" arr at Erie		7 45 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves Philadelphia		8 00 a m
" " Harrisburg		11 25 a m
" " Williamsport		2 25 p m
" " Lock Haven		3 50 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at		5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves Philadelphia		11 50 a m
" " Harrisburg		3 35 p m
" " Williamsport		7 25 p m
" arr at Lock Haven		8 40 p m

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves Lock Haven		7 00 a m
" " Jersey Shore		7 33 a m
" " Williamsport		8 15 a m
arr at Harrisburg		12 05 a m
" Philadelphia		3 40 p m
DAY EXP. leaves Lock Haven		11 20 a m
" " Williamsport		12 40 p m
" arr at Harrisburg		4 10 p m
" " Philadelphia		7 20 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Renovo		8 40 p m
" " Lock Haven		9 50 p m
" " Williamsport		11 10 p m
" arr at Harrisburg		2 45 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 00 a m
FAST LINE leaves Williamsport		12 35 a m
" arr at Harrisburg		3 50 a m
" " Philadelphia		7 40 a m

Erie Mail West and Day Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R.R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R.R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R.R.; at Corry with O. C. & A. V. R.R.; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R.R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R.R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Exp. West, Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, *Gen'l Sup't.*

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table December 31, 1877.

WESTWARD.	Exp. A. M.	Mail P. M.
Leave Lock Haven	5 25	3 25
Flemington	5 29	3 30
Mill Hall	5 33	3 33
Beech Creek	5 46	3 47
Eagleville	5 50	3 51
Howard	6 00	4 00
Mount Eagle	6 08	4 10
Curtin	6 13	4 16
Milesburg	6 23	4 25
Bellefonte	6 43	4 35
Milesburg	6 43	4 45
Snow Shoe Int	6 48	4 48
Unionville	6 58	4 58
Julian	7 09	5 10
Martha	7 18	5 21
Port Matilda	7 26	5 31
Hannah	7 34	5 40
Fowler	7 40	5 46
Bald Eagle	7 48	5 53
Vail	7 53	5 58
East Tyrone	7 58	6 03
Arrive at Tyrone	8 05	6 10
EASTWARD.	P.M.	A.M.
Leave Tyrone	7 08	8 30
East Tyrone	7 15	8 37
Vail	7 19	8 42
Bald Eagle	7 23	8 47
Fowler	8 54	7 30
Hannah	7 36	9 02
Port Matilda	7 44	9 11
Martha	7 52	9 20
Julian	8 01	9 30
Unionville	8 11	9 42
Snow Shoe Int	8 21	9 51
Milesburg	8 24	9 55
Bellefonte	8 32	10 03
Milesburg	8 45	10 15
Curtin	8 55	10 25
Mount Eagle	9 00	10 30
Howard	9 08	10 40
Eagleville	9 18	10 52
Beech Creek	9 22	10 57
Mill Hall	9 34	11 10
Flemington	9 37	11 14
Arrive at Lock Haven	9 42	11 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE R. R.—Time Table in effect on and after Dec. 31, 1878.

Leaves Snow Shoe 7.20 a. m., arrives in Bellefonte 9.10 a. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 10.14 a. m., arrives at Snow Shoe 11.57 a. m.

Leaves Snow Shoe 3.20 p. m., arrives in Bellefonte 4.42 p. m.

Leaves Bellefonte 5.15 p. m., arrives Snow Shoe 6.47 p. m.

DANIEL RHOADS, *General Sup't.*

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WM. S. TRIPPLE.

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Spring Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

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PLUMBER,

GAS AND STEAM FITTER.

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7-tf. Bellefonte, Pa.

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PRACTICAL HOUSE PAINTERS.

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11-16-1y BELLEFONTE, PA.

Foundry and Machinists.

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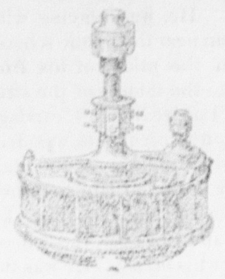

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AND

Grist Mill Machinery.

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No. 3. "Ghosts."
No. 4. "Hell."
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$10,000 will be paid to any person who can Explode a Lamp fitted with our Safety Attachment.

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Agents wanted. Male or Female.

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SAFETY LAMP CO.,
Binghamton, N. Y.
Salesroom, 13 West Broadway, New York City 12-7-4t

NOTICE.—I hereby give notice that my wife, Sarah, having left my bed and board, all persons are warned not to trust or harbor her on my account, as I will pay no bills of her contracting. 7-3t
WILLIAM HASSARD.
Julian, Centre Co., Pa.

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Mrs. W. E. Shope takes this method to inform her patrons that she is now located on Harrison avenue, north of cemetery, Bellefonte, where she is prepared to do dyeing in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Old clothes made as bright as new.

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Miscellaneous.

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BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & CO., Maine. 10 21 1y

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—:o:—

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THREE LOTS,

fifty by two hundred feet each, upon which is erected an excellent two-storied

Frame Plank House,

twenty-five by thirty-two feet; size of parlo 12x23 ft; sitting-room, 9x12; dining-room, 12x15; kitchen (attached), 16x16; hall, 6x15: four sleeping-rooms, one clothes-room, and hall on second floor; one sleeping-room in attic,—all in the best repair.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Mrs Ellen Mitchell, late of Liberty township, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Centre Co., he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to decedent to come forward and make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate to present the same duly authenticated for settlement. SAMUEL GLOSSNER, Adm'r,
12-4 6t. P. O. Blanchard, Pa.

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ENDORSED BY OVER THIRTY SEWING MACHINE EXHIBITORS AT THE EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE,

Paris, 1878

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SOFT FINISH

Bellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every Wednesday at Bellefonte, Centre county Pennsylvania, by

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
If not paid for within 6 months..... 2 50
If not paid for until expiration of year..... 3 00

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

Papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Editorial notices in our columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Marriage or death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices, ten lines in length, free; exceeding ten lines, five cents per line.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding five lines, this type, $8.00 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months, twenty cents per line for the first three insertions, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
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Two inches	7 00	10 00	15 00
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Four inches	11 00	17 00	25 00
Quarter column	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

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Bellefonte, Pa.

Republican County Executive Committee.

JOHN I. RANKIN, Chairman.

H. H. BENNER, } Secretaries.
CLAUDE COOK, }

District.	Names.	P. O. Address
Bellefonte, N. W.	David M. Glenn,	Bellefonte
do S. W.	H. H. Benner,	do
do W. W	Wm. Shortlidge,	do
Howard boro'	Joseph Royer,	Howard
Milesburg boro	Lyman T Eddy,	Milesburg
Millheim do	A O Deininger	Millheim
Philipsburg do	Capt Harry Simler	Phil'burg
Unionville do	Dr E A Russell	Fleming
Benner	John P Seibert	Bellefonte
Boggs	Capt Austin Curtin,	Roland
Burnside	Wm Stewart, Jr.	Moshannon
College	David Dale	Lemont
Curtin	Warren S Lucas	Howard
Ferguson O P	Cyrus Goss	Pine Grove Mills
Ferguson N P	Dan'l M Clemson	Rock Sprg's
Gregg	Robt H Duncan	Spring Mills
Huston	Ira F Davis	Julian Furnace
Howard	D B Pletcher	Howard
Harris	Geo B Jack	Boalsburg
Half Moon	Harry C Love	Loveville
Haines,	Dr T T Musser	Aaronsburg
Liberty	D B Kunes	Blanchard
Miles	Reuben Grimm	Madisonburg
Marion	Capt S H Bennison	Walker
Penn	David Kimport	Millheim
Patton	Wm I. Furst	Buffalo Run
Potter O P	Jas C Boal	Centre Hall
Potter N P	W J Thompson	Potters Mills
Rush	John A Mull	Philipsburg
Snow Shoe	C P Stoneroad	Snow Shoe
Spring	A J Swartz	Pleasant Gap
Taylor	D G Ganoe	Fowler
Union	B W Shipley,	Fleming
Walker	Philip Walter,	Nittany
Worth	Thomas Weston,	Port Matilda

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

—It doesn't look now as though building would be very lively around here the coming season.

—Cast and wrought iron scraps taken in exchange for hardware at Jas. Harris & Co's. 9-2t

—Susan B. Anthony was not appreciated in Philipsburg. A small audience greeted her appearance in that place.

—I will refer any farmer to parties using the South Bend Chilled Plow if they have any doubts as to its working.—H. K. Hicks.

—A number of people about town took advantage of the fine weather of last week to move, instead of waiting for the regular flitting day, April 1st.

—As usual, the regular monthly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. will be held in their rooms on Sunday afternoon next at 4 o'clock. All are cordially invited.

—Rev. R. C. Crittenden occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church on Sunday, Rev. Laurie being unable to preach on account of sickness. There were no services in the evening.

—Several cases of diphtheria are reported in town. People should be very careful not to take cold, as at this season a severe cold often results in diphtheria. An ounce of prevention, etc.

—A man by the name of Peters, employed at one of Linn & McCoy's coalings, cut his leg severely one day last week while chopping wood. He was removed to Milesburg where his parents reside.

—The Democratic and Republican candidates for Burgess of Philipsburg each received the same number of votes, thereby making a tie vote. The matter was decided by lot, Mr. Simler, the Republican candidate, being the winner. This is more proof that the fates are against the Democracy.

—Of all the hotels in Centre county none stand more prominent than the Garman House, of this place. This house has hosts of friends and patrons, who are always made to feel so much at home that they couldn't be hired to take a meal of victuals elsewhere. Good treatment and good fare are two important features at the Garman House.

Under the Wheels.

A three-year-old son of Mr. John Wolf, of this place, narrowly escaped fatal injuries by being run over by a carriage on Friday afternoon of last week. He was playing with some children near the public school house, and in the midst of his frollicking ran into the middle of the street, just as Mr. Daniel Rhoad's carriage, containing five occupants, was driven by. The driver did not see the danger to the boy until too late to prevent the catastrophe, and he was knocked down and run over, the wheels passing over his breast. He was taken up and carried to his home, a few houses below the scene of the accident, and medical assistance summoned. An examination revealed the gratifying fact that no bones were broken, the only injuries received being a slight cut on the back of the head and a bruise on the face, inflicted by the horse's hoof, which is a little singular, considering the rough usage received. He is getting along finely now, and will soon be able to resume operations with his little mates. But his experience ought to teach him, and all others who are in the habit of playing in the street, to keep a sharp lookout for passing vehicles in the future.

—Some days ago a son of Mr. Samuel McMootry, of Coalville, went to the barn on the William Thomas estate in Spring township, for the purpose of filling a bed-ticking with straw. While engaged at the work a son of Jacob Reasner, who occupies the farm, in company with another young man by the name of Rider, entered the barn and began to abuse him. McMootry answered back, whereupon both men assaulted him, knocking him down, and kicking him about the floor, inflicting several severe injuries. The next day McMootry's father came to town and entered a complaint against the men, and Constable Lose, armed with a warrant, went after them. But the young pugilists resolved not to be taken and defied the Constable to arrest them, who, not being able to cope with both of them, departed without his men in search of help. In the meantime the men made themselves scarce, and have not since been heard from. If arrested and tried, they will probably go to the penitentiary.

—Some of our ladies, while making their social calls one evening last week on East Linn street, were very much annoyed by a company of overgrown boys, or undergrown men, who were tramping up and down the street for no other purpose, it seemed, than to make disturbance. An attempt was made to discover their names, but without success. The Town Council, however, has a way of making such discoveries, which will probably be exercised if such disturbances of the peace are repeated.

—We would inform our Sunday-school readers that the last Sabbath of the present quarter is left open for "lessons selected by the school." Superintendents especially should look out for the blank in that Sunday, and be prepared beforehand to fill it. Rev. R. C. Crittenden, of this place, has printed exercises appropriate for that Sunday, samples of which will be sent to anyone on receipt of a three cent stamp to prepay postage.

—In the walking match in London, week before last, "Blower" Brown made 553 miles in six days, and his fastest single mile was accomplished in seven minutes. That's getting around pretty lively, but the time made by the score of customers who rush to Sechler & Co.'s popular store for groceries is better still, and the goods they purchase are considered a prize, too.

—Bellefonte is trying to rival our taut county neighbor, McVeytown, in the musical line. It's no use. The latter has two brass bands and the former nary a one.—*Lewistown Sentinel.*

The *Sentinel* man's knowledge of musical matters in Central Pennsylvania must be exceedingly limited not to know that Bellefonte has a brass band of nearly six years' standing, and which bears a wide reputation.

—Editor Jones, of the Tyrone *Herald*, was re-elected Burgess of Tyrone at the spring election, and Over, of the Fulton *Republican*, was elected a school director, which shows that the people are beginning to find out where the best men are to be found.

—Engine No. 78, of the local freight, was wrecked near the carworks on Friday last, delaying the departure of the train for Tyrone nearly four hours.

—Rev. Wm. Dill, of Clearfield, brother of Senator Dill, of Lewisburg, preached in the Methodist church on Sunday, both morning and evening.

Juror List.

The following list of Grand and Traverse jurors have been drawn for April term of court, commencing Monday, April 26:

GRAND JURORS.

Jas Hamilton, Benner	J D Hall, Howard
Wm Scholl, Gregg	Wm Grove, Benner
J H Odenbirk, Potter	Louis Doll, Bellefonte
Chas Shiffler, "	Geo M Boal, Potter
Geo Kline, College	S A M'Quistion, Be'f'te
H B Twitmire, Walker	Jno Bing, Unionville
Marris Furey, Spring	D W Herring, Liberty
D J Moyer, Potter	Jno Rishel, Potter
Philip Meyers, Harris	W W Spangler, Potter
Ebenezer Records, W'th	Jos Ross, Spring
M P Weaver, Spring	L M Beck, Walker
Sam'l Everts, Penn	Wm A Kerr, Potter

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

J E Way, Union	Jon Walker, Miles
Shuman Lyon, Spring	S S Peck, Walker
Jac Condo, Harris	H G Chronister, Hust'n
Jas Morrison, Worth	H G Royer, Miles
R J Kelley, Worth	Thos Merryman, Tayl'r
Louis Dunkle, Marion	Oscar Adams, Phil'burg
G W Spangler, Potter	Wm Askey, Snow Shoe
E Graham, Bellefonte	J Q Miles, Huston
F Gowland, Philipsb'g	Wm Earhart, Potter
John Leech, Harris	Jos L Neff, Boggs
Dan'l Runkle, Gregg	J B Newcomer, B'nside
A Owens, Philipsburg	E C Campbell, Millh'm
G H Zeigler, "	H Sprowl, Walker
Ches Munson, "	A Woodring, Huston
Edwd Smith, Boggs	E Chambers, Patton
D Mattern, Half Moon	H Sechler, Bellefonte
A Hosterman, Potter	Wm Swab, Potter
J F McCord, Rush	Henry Heverly, Spring
R C Irvin, Boggs	J B Williams, Worth
Curtin Moyer, Rush	Isaac Gray, Patton
Wm Neese, Gregg	I C Fisher, Half Moon
N Askey, Howard twp	E Keller, Potter
L Metzger, Liberty	Jonas Stine, Patton
Jos Rumberger, Patton	F E Bible, Milesburg

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

J W Morris, Taylor	W Russel, Haines
John Reese, Benner	T Wilson, Half Moon
Wm Wagner, Boggs	Jas C Boal, Potter
S A Brew, Bellefonte	A Atherton, Phil'burg
J G Larimer, Spring	Sam'l Glenn, College
L Stinerock, Rush	J C Brthgate, "
B F Emerick, Walker	Samuel Ard, Penn
Jos Gates, Ferguson	Wm Eckley, Bellefonte
Amos Garbrick, Benner	Isaac Stover, Spring
David Barr, Ferguson	Jac Garbrick, Walker
Jac McCool, Gregg	C S Beck, "
W Calderwood, Taylor	W W Beck, Marion
A J Drees, Philipsburg	J C Smull, Miles
A W Ulrich, Penn	A J Orndorff, Ferguson
Jno Shiffler, Spring	H Fishburn, Benner
T P Christ, College	J Gilliland, Snow Shoe
G R Boak, Burnside	S K Emerick, Union
S D Erb, Ferguson	Aaron R Hall, "

TRAVERSE JURORS—THIRD WEEK.

J W Henney, Potter	S Steffe, Ferguson
H E Duck, Penn	M Viedeffer, Burnside
C G Bright, Haines	Geo Taylor, Boggs
Newt Baumgard, Miles	J R Alexander, Spring
Perry Condo, Marion	Jos Rishel, Gregg
Fred Decker, College	D M Bilger, Rush
Luther Stover, Haines	H S Wolf, Miles
Isaac Dawson, Spring	C H Else, Milesburg
John Swartz, Boggs	A F Harney, Boggs
B F Vonada, Marion	J Passmore, Philipsb'g
J A Hazel, Spring	David Fiddler, Penn
J C Walker, Boggs	David Spotts, Union
An'w Cook, Bellefonte	Jac Woodring, Worth
S B Meyers, Boggs	Thos Parsons, Huston
W Taylor, Howard twp	A C Hinton, Snow Shoe
Gerner Freeman, Rush	J A J Fugate, Huston
C McCafferty, Bellefte	Thos Frank, Millheim
Jas Hanna, Gregg	Noah Weaver, Haines

—He had asked for her photograph; she excused herself with some kind of a story about her negative being lost, and another would have to be secured, etc., when he interrupted her rather warmly with the remark: "What do you suppose I care for your negative, Carrie? It's your affirmative I've been after these six months!" She said nothing, but kind o' turned up the whites of her eyes, and he—. Well, it's only necessary to say that he started for the tailor's first thing next morning, and she—why, she has done nothing but try on all sorts of things ever since.—And the very next thing they did, after the knot was tied that bound them together for life, was to visit Sechler's famous grocery store to lay in a big stock of groceries. This was a wise move, as everybody knows that a supply of pure, fresh, groceries has a great deal to do with one's health and happiness, especially when such goods are purchased of Sechler & Co., the best arranged and neatest store in the county.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Rider, wife of Mr George Rider, of Milesburg, died at her home in that place on the 13th of February, as will be seen by the notice under the regular death head. Mrs. Rider has been ailing for a long time, but no one seemed to be able to tell what was the matter with her. Finally Dr. T. R. Hayes, of this place, was called in, just three days before her death, and at once discovered a large tumor of the liver. Of course it was then too late to do anything for her, but after death the doctor, in the presence of Drs. Adams and Laird, removed the tumor, which weighed two pounds.—*Watchman.*

—Superintendent Wickersham, in the February number of the *School Journal*, gives the following counsel in reference to the school warrants which have not yet been cashed by the State Treasurer:

1. To apply to have them cashed at the usual places in the usual way.
2. If not cashed, to hold them, if possible, until they can be cashed. They are *good*, and the districts ought not to be compelled to sacrifice them, or even to pay more interest on them.
3. If the circumstances of the district be such that money must be obtained at once, almost any banking institution will advance the money on the warrants at the usual rates, or they can be used as collateral in the discounting of notes.

—Editor Grow, of the Lock Haven *Journal*, was in town last Thursday on "biz," and embraced the opportunitp to shake hands all 'round with his numerous friends in this vicinity.

—Mr. David Kennedy, ex-baker, looks very dignified of late. The arrival of a bran-new boy baby at his shanty has probably wrought this change in "Davy."

—A load of hay passed down Allegheny street Friday afternoon closely followed by nineteen cows, by actual count.

—Lovers of fresh roasted peanuts will be glad to learn that John Sourbeck has fired up his roaster again.

—Chew Jackson's best sweet navy tobacco. vol 11-5-1y

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Boalsburg's Musical Convention.

The following communication was received several weeks ago, but we were unable to find room for it. It will doubtless be of interest to our readers at Boalsburg, if it is a little stale:

To the editor of the Republican:

All lovers of good music in this place have no doubt spent a very pleasant time during the past week in the shape of enjoying a rich musical treat. A singing convention has been held for the benefit of the Lutheran church, and in every way it has been a complete success. Some of the best talent in the county participated in the exercises. Mr. Swartz conducted the convention, and we think, judging by the improvement that was made in the singing, that he deserves much praise; for on comparing the first session with the last we found marked improvement, and it has been only under his excellent teaching that this improvement was made.

Mr. Frank Dale presided at the organ and Mr. Rearick at the piano. The convention closed on Saturday evening with a grand concert, which would have pleased the most fastidious musical taste. It consisted of anthems, solos, glees, quartettes, etc. The concert was opened by the class singing a glee entitled "Moonlight on the Lake." To follow the programme and tell of the many good things that were performed would require too much space, so we will only mention some of the very fine music that was performed, such as the four quartettes—"The Old Continentals," "Come where the Lilies Bloom," "Stars of the Summer Night," and "The Flag of the Free." The bass solo, "Tempest," by Mr. F. Keller, was received with great applause. Mr. Keller is ranked among the first singers of this State, and he certainly sustained his reputation as such while in Boalsburg.

Mr. Dale's comic specialties, "Poor Brother Jonathan," and the "Unfortunate Man," were well appreciated by the audience, but the crowning event of the evening seemed to be "Hope Beyond," which was sung by Messrs. Keller & Dale.

After some very fine music on the harmonica by Messrs. O. C. Dewitt and Frank McFarlane. A cornet solo was called for by the audience. After some reluctance on the part of the stage manager the request was granted, and the music received with prolonged applause.

Rev. Yutzy then delivered a short address in which he complimented our little village for the interest it had always taken in music; also showing the true mission of music seemed to be, as well as when and where it had its origin. The concert was brought to a close by both choir and audience singing a verse of that well known hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

***

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—We did not intend to again refer to the election in our borough, but our attention was called to an article in the *Watchman* last week, by "Fusionist," and as he has stepped beyond the bounds of a strict regard for truth, a little more food for thought may be in order. His article is just what we might expect from a party who sanctions the course of Garcelon in his bastard attempt to steal the State of Maine. Now to business—one of the men was compelled to go to Snow Shoe upon election day, and intended to start at 3 a. m. that morning, but he was prevailed upon to defer his early departure, and vote before starting. He went to the polls some time after seven o'clock, but not a soul was there; he was compelled to start, and lost his vote because the polls were not open at the hour designated by law. We can prove (if our authority does not go back on us, and we know he won't), that both Inspectors were absent at the same time at supper. We can prove that not a Republican was inside the room that contained the ballot boxes during the day, and that Democrats were admitted. We can prove that one Democrat went into the polls in the evening to vote, when one Inspector sent a friend to pay voter's borough tax; voter went away before tax-paying friends returned. After the polls were closed, a strip of paper was found upon the window, when of one the board remarked, picking up the slip, "here is Mr.—— ticket; it must go in the box," and in it went. We can prove that single men—Democrats, voted who are in business in another district, and have lived there weeks immediately preceeding the election. Our authority, Mr. Editor, is a gentlemen whose business was right there all the time. The right of suffrage is one of our dearest rights. Then, how eminently important that men who compose our election boards should be true as steel, decide fairly and in accordance with the law. But when members are puffed up with wisdom, fairness is set aside for bigotry and egotism. As to the vulgar epithets of "Fusionist," the source is sufficient: comment is unnecessary.

That fraud was committed, either wilfully or ignorantly, is beyond all question, and the gentlemen certainly would not desire us to think it ignorance.

Washington, upon the eve of an important movement, knew so well our destiny as a nation was at stake, our liberties imperiled, our lives as free men in the scales, said: "Place none but Americans on guard to-night," and if we perpetrate this free government, bequeathed to us through death, the groans and tears of widows and orphans, through prayers that ascended from torn and bleeding patriots, place none but Americans to guard the ballot box. JOHN.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—Our Society's year closes with the present month. I could give you many facts of interest gathered from my own part of the field, which now embraces about all of northern Pennsylvania.

I state one or two of the latest in hand for this closing year's record: Within the past few days I have seen two new Union Sunday Schools well organized, with five religious denominations represented in them, and all working together in harmony. Each of these schools will have an average of over fifty members.

There are some denominational schools, gone into winter quarters, that should be "provoked to good works" by these Union examples.

With these few words, allow me to express my thanks and that of the American Sunday School Union, to the many friends who have continued their co-operation in the past year; for the good services of the press also. I am yours, very respectfully,
R. CRITTENDEN.

BELLEFONTE, Feb. 21.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:—I notice an article in the Lock Haven *Journal* and Bellefonte *Watchman* entitled, "A New Swindle," which reads as follows:

There is one form of swindling to which public attention should be called in a most prominent manner. Since the expiration of patents for sewing machines—and hence the fall in price—an ingenious idea has been hit upon by some manufacturers to compensate for this dimunition in profit. For instance, if any portion of a machine now gets out of order, no matter how insignificant, and an attempt is made to renew it, the answer is, "Oh, that is out of style; we can't replace it; your only remedy is to buy new machine." The result is that to-day there are hundreds of good machines needing only a shuttle or some minor adjunct to render them useful, that cannot be used by the owners. If this is not swindling reduced to a science, we should be pleased to be informed of some more effective manner.

I don't know who the writer has reference to when he makes the above charge. I am engaged in selling and in taking old machines in part pay for new ones, and can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that nine out of every ten old machines taken are nearly worthless, or would cost every cent that could be got for them to put them in good working order. To judge from the article, one would come to the conclusion that there is a harvest in taking old machines. I would say this: I have fifty old machines which I will sell exceedingly low. We do not wish to make all the money, and will give everybody a chance to fill their money-bags, too. It is my opinion that whoever wrote the item has never had any experience in making worn-out machines work, and if he knows of any parties swindling the people in the manner mentioned, why does he not expose them? AGENT.

School Report.

Report of Potters Mills grammar school for month ending Feb. 25th: Attendance—males, 93; females, 86; average, 89. The following branches are pursued by the entire school, viz., spelling, reading, writing, geography, grammar, written and mental arithmetic. Eleven study U. S. History, and four algebra. Singing is practiced daily. Carrie McClaskey, Hettie Landis, Eliza McElroy, Linnie Evans, Richard Palmer, were present every day. Thos. Hutchison every day except one. During the month about 500 words were spelled, of which J. W. Shires did not miss a single word. Nannie McCormick missed only 4 words. School visited during month by Mr. J. M. Gilliland (Director). It is a deplorable fact that parents do not visit schools regularly, as much good is to be done by these visits.

M. SHIRES, Teacher.

—Our stock of woolens for the spring and summer season of 1880 just received. Leave your orders now. Respectfully,
MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors.

Our European Letter.

ECHOES FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL—FASHIONS AND FANCIES OF PARISIAN LADIES—JULES FAVRE'S DEATH—A NEW LINE OF STEAMERS TO CONNECT THE TWIN REPUBLICS, &c.

From Our Regular Correspondent.]

PARIS, France, Feb. 17, 1880.

It must be confessedt hat Parisian society presents the strangest sight now-a-days: it is a mixture of luxury and coarseness, of refinement and of negligence, of which it is difficult to give a clear idea. The luxury displayed in drawing rooms is fabulous, and not only so in drawing rooms but in ante-chambers as well. Certain ante-chambers in large hotels are more richly furnished than the handsomest provincial dining rooms. In the former lackeys present you with a large book, with a velvet binding and gilt bronze corners, in which you are asked to write your name. If the mistress of the house is free, you are pompously introduced into the sanctuary—that is to say, into the small drawing room or cabinet, or parlor, or boudoir, or studies, depending on the pretentions of the lady of the house. Then, a dog jumps out at you, and after having barked properly, regains its purple cushion. But I must render this justice to women, that they never, contrary to their adversaries of the unfair sex, make distinction between ugliness and its opposite quality, and that they never make use of taste to their disadvantage. The woman who receives a man smelling of cigars, wearing thick boots, and encased in a loose jacket, or an overcoat of a dull color, and who wears the uniform stovepipe hat; the woman, I say, is always dressed with extreme elegance—a net of fine-beaded lace hides her blonde hair, she wears a robe-de-chambre with silky folds, a quilted gown made of white moire; her open-worked stockings are marvelously fine; her shoes are irreproachable—they are almost imperceptible nests of satin and lace, and the Valenciennes around her wrist are fine enough to go through a ring. All the freshness of her attire seems an epigram divested against the man's, and one cannot understand why that elegantly dressed woman has taken so much trouble to receive that man! And in the evening, the difference is all the more striking.

The celebrated orator and politician, M. Jules Favre, who played during the France-German war so prominent a part, died suddenly last Wednesday morning, at his residence in Versailles, from the effects of violent neuralgia, affecting the heart and the brain, which for many weeks past had placed him in danger. M. Favre was born at Lyons, in 1809, and consequently had reached his seventy first year at the time of his death. In 1830 he had completed his legal studies, and became a member of the bar. His name soon became celebrated by being attached to a number of political cases, in which his facility of speech and eloquence were highly effective. As a leader in the ranks of opposition to the Empire, his notoriety was very great, and during the tragical events of the Franco-German war his ascendancy was considerable, though its effects are now generally admitted to have been unfortunate. M. Jules Favre, among other distinctions, was Senator for the department of the Rhone, and a member of the French Academy.

M. Leon Chatteau has presented a petition to M. Grevy, President of the French Republic, praying for the establishment of a line of French steamers between Havre and New Orleans. The petition is supported by several merchants of Havre who have expressed an opinion that a direct line of steamers subsidized by the French government would increase the commerce of Havre and New Orleans. The average annual commercial movement between the two ports is estimated at 13,500,000 tons, of which one-third only is covered by the French flag. No doubt the establishment of additional means of communication between Havre and New Orleans would be of advantage to the citizens of both ports, but it seems strange that the inhabitants of New Orleans should have memorialized President Grevy rather than President Hayes, and have chosen for their intermediary M. Leon Chatteau rather than the United States Minister in France, in any communication to be made to the French government. The petition of the inhabitants of New Orleans is based upon an elaborate report drawn up by the French consul at New Orleans in 1876, but which was never acted upon in any way by the French government. It was then proposed not to establish a separate company, but to arrange with the Transatlantic company for a branch line between Havre and New Orleans. LOUIS.

—The best pump in the market is the Rubber Bucket pump, for which James Harris & Co. are the sole agents. 9-2t

Kidney-Wort will cure Kidney and Liver diseases and worst cases of Piles.

The Great Advance in Iron.

The rapid advance in the price of iron within the last year is something unprecedented in the history of that pivotal trade, if we except the period of our great war. The advance has been so great and sudden that alarm is felt in some quarters, both here and abroad, lest the speculation to which, in fact, it may be due, shall provoke lamentable results. But while speculation has unquestionably done its share in keeping prices forward, legitimate demand has given a healthy character to the movement.

In all the great centres of the iron trade there is so far little sign of reaction, and such changes as occur in the market in the direction of weakness are due to speculation rather than to any lessening in the demand, which is still active and sustained, many of the home furnaces have sold ahead, and the prospect of an increased business at the opening of navigation being favorable. In England prices have advance from 70 to 120 per cent., the exportations to the United States being the chief cause of the improvement, though the local demand is increasing regularly, if somewhat slowly.

The shipments of iron from the Scotch ports, for instance were over 20,000 tons greater in January than in the same month last year, the United States being the great buyer. The orders from this country have been so large that a number of the Atlantic steamers were filled for several weeks to come at the beginning of this month, and the rates of freight had so advanced as to cause a temporary decline in the special brands for shipment. The ironmasters of the great iron region in the north of England, last year reduced to such traits that a large share of the furnaces were put out of blast, are preparing to meet the new demand by rekindling their fires, and before the end of next month twenty additional furnaces will be in blast.

In this country the best foundry iron, which on the first of January, 1879, was sold at $17 a ton, was last week quoted at $40 a ton. Domestic steel rails brought $42 then, and now sell for $85. Whereas in 1878 our importation of pig iron, old rails, and other old iron amounted to only 72,061 tons, in 1879, according to careful estimates made by the American Iron and Steel Association, it reached 450,000 tons. Of iron and steel rails our importations were next to nothing in 1878 (barely 9 tons), while in 1879 their estimated aggregate was 680,000 tons. Of iron ores we imported in 1878 only 31,410 tons, against 300,000 in 1879. Most of these heavy importations occurred during the last six months of last year, and they are continuing at a rapid rate. As to our own production, the estimated amount was, of pig iron, 2,800,000 tons in 1879, against 2,301,215 in 1878, and of iron and steel rails, 1,100,000 tons, against 788,111 tons.

What is the cause of this great increase in the demand for iron, which home production has not been able to meet? The chief cause has been the remarkable impluse given to railroad building last year. More miles of new road were laid in 1879 than in any year since the memorable 1872, when the enormous number of 7,340 miles were constructed. The total was 4,430 miles in 1879, against 2,916 in 1878, and 2,301 in 1877.

But hardly less influential, perhaps more influential, was the sudden demand which sprang up last spring from existing roads for rails, cars, and locomotives to meet the requirements of their increasing business. They had gone on since 1873 practising a close economy which ill fitted them to satisfy the vast enlargement in their business the year brought with it; and their eagerness for the supplies they imperatively needed gave an extraordinary impetus to the iron trade, which, beginning last summer, still continues. The revival of business and the agricultural prosperity of the year also contrituted to the advance to a very considerable extent. Steel wire fencing was greatly extended during the year, the renewed activity in building created a lively demand for iron, and in other departments of business the happy experience of the last six months has helped to stimulate the great industry which first and necessarily feels an improvement in trade and manufacture.

We therefore have reasons enough in explanation of the advance in the prices of iron without needing to refer to speculative causes, though, of course, these have been operative to some extent. As for the experience of this year we have not the elements on which any safe prediction could be based; but there is no reason to expect that prices will suffer any very serious fall. Importations from abroad will, however, relieve the market. After the first of April the Iron and Steel Association expects to see our home production equal to all demands, yet large contracts or foreign iron ore have been made for the year, and the importation will probably reach 500,000 tons. Still there is a sanguine expectation in some quarters that iron will go even higher, the augmenting demand abroad for their own iron preventing foreign makers from injuriously competing with our own at present rates of duty.—*New York Sun.*

——Near Columbus, Ga., there is an old character known as "Barefoot Walker," so called because he has not worn a pair of shoes during the last forty years. He is aged about ninty-five years, and is employed on a farm three miles east of Columbus. On Sunday afternoon of last week he apparently died, probably from sheer exhaustion and old age. He was dressed, laid in his coffin, and his friends from the neighborhood gathered to pay their tribute to the departed. When the assembled multitude were bending in their sympathy the deceased arose from his strange position and demanded from the astonished assembly "what they meant by such treatment." The party turned away, leaving the old man master of the situation.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES. — The Queen City Employment Company, of Cincinnati, are now manufacturing and introducing their new Stocking Supporters for ladies and children and their unequaled Skirt Suspenders for ladies. None should be without them; our leading physicians recommend them, and are loud in their praise. This manufacturing establishment is managed by ladies who made the wants of ladies a study, and they ask us to refer them to some reliable and energetic lady to introduce them in this county, and we certainly think that an earnest solicitation in every household would meet with a ready response, and that a determined woman could make a handsome salary and have the exclusive agency for this county. We advise some lady who is in need of employment to send a postal card to the Company, with her name and address, and mention this paper. Address, Queen City Suspender Company, Nos. 147 and 149 West Fourth street, Cincinnati, Ohio. 12-727

Wine Products of New Jersey.

This State is becoming celebrated for its wines. Some of the richest in the world are produced in New Jersey, by Mr. A. Speer, whose name has become celebrated as a producer of strictly pure unadulterated Port Grape Wine. The wine of Mr. Speer is not bottled or put in market until it is four years old, and has become thoroughly fine and mellow. It has proved itself a wonderful assistant to physicians who prescribe it. This wine is recommended for debilitated persons, and is given to consumptives. The difficulty of getting an imported or even a pure California Port is well understood to be so great as to proclude doctors from allowing their patients to run the risk of its use. Mr. Speer being aware of this fact has taken the utmost care in the making of his wine, so as to supplant the imported wines by producing the genuine article. His wines are known by chemists to be pure and the most reliable for medicinal purposes. The druggists throughout the country sell it, as bottled by Mr. Speer.—*New York Tribune.* 9-2t

Water is Free.

That's so, but in most patent medicines you pay for it at the rate of a dollor a pint. Kidney-Wort is a dry compound and one package is enough to make six quarts of medicine without addition of any poisonous liquors. It is Nature's remedy for kidney diseases, liver complaint and piles, for it is both diuretic and cathartic, tonic and healing. Get it today. 12-8

Gilt-edged Butter.

There is always an active demand for butter up to the gilt-edged standard in quality and color. Much butter that is otherwise good sells at a reduction of from three to five cents per pound, because deficient in color. Dairymen should then use Wells, Richardson & Co.'s Perfected Butter Color to give a bright June color. This color is by far the brightest and purest and best made. 12-8

NEW YORK BUTTER MARKET.—In reporting the market prices for butter, the New York *Tribune*, of May 20th, said, "choice packages to the retail trade reach 19 to 20 cents, but light colored goods are hard to dispose of, and several lots were thought well sold at 8 to 10 cents. This stern logic of dollars and cents is rapidly convincing dairymen that they should use the perfected Butter Color made by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. It gives the perfect June color the year round and dairymen that use it never send light colored goods to market."

—Countless sufferers find the balm of relief, and the fountain of their health and strength, in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the most potent of all the alternatives to purify the system and cleanse the blood. It possesses invigorating qualities, so that it stimulates the faded vitalities and purges out the corruptions which mingle with the blood, promoting derangement and decay. We are assured by many intelligent physicians that this medicine cures beyond all others of its kind, and we can fortify this statement by our own experience.—*Punxsatawney (Pa.) Argus.*

—Mr. Philip Remlinger, an old subscriber to our paper and well known in the whole surrounding country, informed us the other day, that his wife, who for two weary years had suffered with Rheumatism in the shoulder, during which time she had been treated by several physicians without success, had been completely cured by a single bottle of St. Jacobs Oil.—*Bucyrus, Ohio, Courier, Feb.* 13, 1879.

"MY TORMENTED BACK," is the exclamation of more than one poor hard-working man and woman; do you know why it aches? It is because your kidneys are over-taxed and needs strengthening, and your system needs to be cleansed of bad humors. Kidney-Wort is the medicine you need. "It acts like a charm," says a well known physician, "I never knew it to fail."

EVERY INVALID A DRUGGIST.—By buying the new and popular medicine Kidney-Wort, you get in each package enough of the dry compound to make six quarts of medicine, thus saving double the money which is usually paid for medicine, prepared on liquid. It is a specific cure of Kidney and Liver diseases.

Medicinal..

DAY'S Kidney PAD

CURES Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Catarrh of the Bladder, Dropsy, Gravel, Painful Urinating, High Colored Urine, Inability to Retain or Expel the Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Nervous Debilisy, Female Weakness, and all diseases of the KIDNEYS, BLADDER, and URINARY ORGANS, when nothing else can.

LOOK OUT for imitations. Ask for, and take only the DAY PAD.

For sale by Druggists, or sent by mail free on receipt of price, $2.00. Certificates of cures and our book "How a Life was Saved," sent on receipt of your address to

12-5 1y. F. POTTS GREEN, Wholesale Agt. for Centre Co.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE First National Bank of Bellefonte, at Bellefonte, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business Feb. 21, 1880

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$273,060.03
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000.00
Other Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages	18,495.00
Due from approved reserve agents	29,836.81
" " other National Banks	2,458.58
" " State Banks and Bankers	604.46
Real Estate, Furniture and Fixtures	27,289.01
Current Expenses and Taxes paid	1,284.62
Checks and other cash items	3,497.02
Bills of other Banks	994.00
Fractional currency (including nickels)	285.45
Specie	13,460.00
Legal tender notes	20,835.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	3,900.00
Total	$496,000.03

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$100,000.00
Surplus fund	35,000.00
Undivided profits	4,402.45
National Bank notes outstanding	90,000.00
Individual deposits subject to check	106,192.10
Time certificates of deposits	142,588.72
Due to other National Banks	16,375.23
Due to State Banks and Bankers	1,441.53
Total	$496,000.03

State of Pennsylvania, [S. S.]
COUNTY OF CENTRE.

I, John P. Harris, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. JOHN P. HARRIS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 1st day of March, 1880.
ROLAND C. CHEESMAN, Notary Public.

Correct—attest,
E. C. HUMES,
JAS. A. BEAVER, } Directors.
ADAM HOY.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Centre county, will be exposed to public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1808,

At 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of John Workman, dec'd., viz:

All that lot of ground in Eagleville, Liberty township, county of Centre, bounded on the west by public road, on the south by lands of Samuel H. Kunes, on the east by lands of W. S. Gardner's estate, and on the north by land of Mrs. J Garbrick, containing about one-third of an acre, more or less; thereon erected a one and a half story dwelling house and outbuildings.

Terms made known on day of sale.
9-4t SAMUEL WORKMAN, Adm'r.

5,000 GOLD For a case of COUGH, COLD or Asthma that ADAMSON'S BOTANIC BALSAM will not cure. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers at 35c. and 75c. Sample Bottles, 10c. ☞See that the name of F. W. KINGSMAN is blown in the glass of the bottle. Trade supplied by GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Mass. 12-9 4t

A GREAT SUCCESS! 4000 sold!! HEADLEY'S *wonderfully popular work, the* Life and Travels of GEN. GRANT is pronounced by the General's intimate friends the best low-priced work—hence the splendid success of Agents ☞A MILLION people want HEADLEY'S book to-day. We need 3000 MORE AGENTS AT ONCE! BEWARE OF imitations. We send *proof* of superiority, *sample leaves, steel portrait* of Grant, and *full* particulars free to all desiring them. Address, HUBBARD BROS., Pubs., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa. 12-6 4t

Grant's TOUR AROUND THE WORLD!

Complete record. Describes places visited, and ovations by Kings and Emperors. 900 pages. 200 illust. Price, $2.50. Agents wanted. Circulars free. 12-6 4t. W. H. KELLEY, Phila.

Cigars and Tobacco.

A. J. CRUSE.

CIGARS. CIGARS.

A LARGE STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND OF

MY OWN MAKE.

Dealers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock

Before Ordering Elsewhere.

ALSO,

CHEWING

AND

SMOKING TOBACOS,

PIPES, &c.

A. J. CRUSE,

BUSH HOUSE,

49-3m BELLEFONTE, PA.

Philadelphia One Price Clothing House.

The Philadelphia Branch of 26 North Third Street

ONE PRICE CLOTHING STORE,

Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

The Largest Stock of Clothing Ever Brought to Centre County, Which They

Retail at Wholesale Prices.

A. STERNBURG can be found at this Store.

SAMUEL LEWINS, Manager.

Lawrence L. Brown—Coal, Grain, Plaster, &c.

Coal! Coal! Coal!

Grain! Grain! Grain!

LAWRENCE L. BROWN,

Dealer in

COAL, GRAIN, PLASTER, &c.

OFFICE, GRAIN ELEVATOR AND COAL YARD

Near South End Bald Eagle Valley Ralroad.

WILKESBARRE and SHAMOKIN

ANTHRACITE COAL!!

Best Qualities Always on Hand,

☞WELL SCREENED, DELIVERED PROMPTLY AND WEIGHTS GUARANTEED.☜

HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN AND SEED.

Also keeps on hand a large stock of coarse grains which he sells at lowest market prices, either in small lots or by car loads. It is my endeavor to give good satisfaction to all those who favor me with their patronage, and by so doing I hope to have a continuance of the large trade I have enjoyed since succeeding the late firm of Shortlidge & Co. 11-26-tf

J. H. Bauland's Bee Hive Store.

J. H. BAULAND'S

ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS

—AT THE—

BEE HIVE

ONE PRICE EXCLUSIVE DRY GOODS STORE.

I AM OFFERING THE

LARGEST, BEST AND CHEAPEST

STOCK OF DRY GOODS IN CENTRE COUNTY.

Every One says that is the Place for Bargains. Go then and be Convinced.

ALL GOODS AT ALL TIMES SOLD AT THE LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

Having received an immense stock of goods before the advance I am able to sell Cheaper than any store in town

All My Goods are Marked in Plain Figures.

Hoping to receive an early call, I remain, Respectfully Yours,

J. H. BAULAND.

MY MOTTO IS: "One price—the very lowest—and no misrepresentation." 48-tf

Bellefonte Republican.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Farm and Fireside.

The Grain States vs. the Cotton States.

The remarkable development in population and agricultural production of the grain states, especially Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota, has caused us to overlook, and perhaps to underrate, the extraordinary agricultural progress made within the last ten years in other directions, notably in the so-called "cotton states." While the grain states have had their population, their wealth, their railroads, and their great grain crops almost forced upon them, farmers of the cotton States, by their own efforts alone, have achieved their suprising crops, and equally surprising prosperity. The cotton crop was estimated, early in the season of 1879, to 75,000 bales less than that of 1878, though it was still 500,000 bales more than had ever been made under slavery. But later and more authentic reports make the yield of the crop of 1879 from 200,000 to 300,000 bales in excess of 1878, and therefore some 700,000 or 800,000 bales more than had been made previous to 1861. Indeed, it is quite probable that the 10 cotton States, Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee and Texas, have produced for the crop of last year something approaching 5,400,000 bales, of 450 pounds each, which, at 10 cents a pound, yields the enormous sum of $243,000,000. The cotton crop of the world is estimated as follows:—

America	5,400,000	bales.
East India	1,175,000	"
Egypt	425,000	"
Brazil and Smyrna	250,000	"
The world's total crop	7,250,000	"

It would seem, therefore, that the 10 cotton States have a corner, as it were, on the cotton crop of the world; and the limited success attending the laborious and costly experiments made all over the globe during the war, and under the stimulus of high prices, make it likely that the cotton States will for a long time maintain their advantage. In fact, it has been said with a good deal of confidence, that while all, or nearly all, fertile lands are capable of producing the breadstuffs in one form or another, the cotton crop, from physical and physiological causes, is relegated to comparatively narrow areas. And since it is a historical fact, that when once a people have adopted cotton as a chief article of clothing, they never abandon it, and therefore the demand for it as a commercial commodity must always be a great and increasing one, the economical advantages which these 10 States have over the rest of the world can hardly be over-estimated.

To show that the cotton crop of last year was not wholly the result of a combination of favorable circumstances—though the high price might have been in some sense—and to demonstrate that the farmers of those States are endowed with something more than the average farm industry and energy, it is only necessary to state a few of the disadvantages under which the cotton farmer has labored, without considering how the political situation must necessarily have interfered with the agricultural progress. Under the slave system, and directed by the overseers, who were energetic and competent men, the cultivation of cotton was in many senses rational, and in all senses thorough, and in those respects was diametrically opposed to that at the present time. For example, the lands for next year's cotton crop were formerly, in most cases, plowed in the fall, and the fences were always maintained in a state to keep stock off crop-land during the winter months. The rule was to put the whole force into the field at the time of cotton-picking; keep them there till the bulk of crop had been gathered; to withdraw the able-bodied men and women about November 1; put them to plowing, mending fences, and other necessary work, and so have the year's work done by the holidays. Under the new dispensation, leases to the freedmen end with the year; and though they provide in set terms that the fences shall be kept in repair, that condition is seldom complied with after the fields are cleared of cotton, and cattle break in and overrun them through December and January and sometimes in February, when new leases are made, and the plowing for the new crop begins. Tramped when wet or partially frozen, the soil turns up cloddy, as in the Northern States, and these clods are not got rid of until after the copious rains in spring, or in the after summer months. Then, too, the hoofs of stock break the thin soil beyond their borders, and the consequence is those numerous "wash-outs" which destroy the value of fallow land, and disfigure the face of the country. Now since the freedmen are in so large majority, and since an equal proportion of the cotton lands are leased and farmed by them under the condition stated, it argues well for the white men, and those freedmen who have not fallen into the slovenly ways of their fellows, that the cotton crop has increased more than a million bales since the war.

All things considered, the progress of the cotton States within these last five years is quite as remarkable as that of any other part of the country; and it would not be hazardous to predict that during the rest of this century, cotton-farming, and other forms of sub-tropical agriculture, will command the attention of the country, and be discussed, described, photographed, and its principles formulated, in a manner unexampled on this side of the Atlantic. And this will be done partly to satisfy the common desire to learn details of a specialty in agriculture which have achieved such surprising results in the face of so many difficulties, and partly for the information of the multitude, who will, sooner or later, move down and take cheerfully-accorded possession of the Southern States.—*Ex.*

Planning Work.

Now, in the quiet winter time, is the season to plan for the year's work on the farm, and he who undertakes it will find the habit, once established, of immense benefit. It is the doctrine on the model farm always try to save the dollar—to look for the chances to save, rather than for chances to spend. Yet, often it happens that the saving comes from spending. In this age of machinery, it usually pays to have tools and implements of the most approved pattern, and the buying of a new plow, or a new cultivator, or seeding machine, or harrow, will save enough from the labor bills to pay the first cost in one season, provided the area under cultivation is large enough, and good judgement is used. Now, then, is the time, when other duties are not pressing, to look up the merits of implements, and decide what is wanted, so that when the season for use comes, there need be no indecision and delay.

Now is the proper time also to make out the list of seeds which must be bought. It is well to bear in mind that the farmer or gardner cannot afford to put up with cheap seeds; that there may be profit in buying the best, and loss in buying the second best. In this case a judicious economy consists in buying of the best seedsmen their very best seeds. A seeming extravagance in this case is a real economy. The best farmer knows now just what fields he is to till the coming year, what fertilizer, if any, he shall buy, how much labor he shall require, just what mistakes of last year must not be repeated, what animals he must sell, and what he can afford to keep, etc. The campaign in its general outline is planned. Just so far as the farmer falls away from this ideal, is the chance for him to become a better farmer lessened.

Let it be kept in mind that modern farming requires more of the farmer than ancient farming. The maxims of Cato were well enough for a period when success meant nothing more than not to retrograde; but they are not sufficient for the present time, when success means progress. Practices which might have been commendable before the era of railroads and artificial fertilizers, may be too slow even for condemnation now. What have sufficed 10 years ago, even, may not be sufficient this year. The world moves. Let the farmer, then, plan his movements in unison.

High Art in Swindling.

Two fellows, whose money was almost entirely expended, determined that a wealthy hotel keeper should be the means of replenishing their purses. Accordingly, one of them, giving up what money he had to the other, entered the premises of his selected victim, while his confederate kept out of sight. The visitor inquired for the landlord, to whom he propounded the query: "Can you give me a good dinner?" Of course the resources of the establishment were equal to such a demand, and in a few minutes the "good dinner" was served and duly discussed. Then came the question of payment; the guest had no money, and pointed out to his host that, had he possessed the 'needful,' he should have ordered what he had consumed, in the usual manner; that he had simply sought information concerning the ability of the house and the inclination of its owner to supply him with a good dinner, and was much obliged for the same. A policeman was called in; but his decision leaned toward the impecunious diner—it might be considered a debt, but the criminal law could do nothing. The guest departed. The landlord ground his teeth.

Not long after this, number two arrived with the query: "Can you give me a good dinner?" A smile of terrible meaning crossed the landlord's face. "Yes, yes," he replied; "take a seat." He hastened out, and returned with a bucket of water, which with his own hands he dashed over the applicant for the good dinner; who thereupon jumped to his feet and demanded an explanation of such extraordinary treatment. "Ha! ha!" laughed the incensed Boniface, as he glared about for something wherewith to chastise the object of his wrath—"ha! ha! you fellows can't fool me twice in the same way." The visitor appeared astounded; the irate landlord appeared anxious to kick the visitor out.

A violent scene occurred. The would-be guest was denominated a swindler and a robber. The officer of the law was again summoned. Each made charges against the other. The infuriated host called in his solicitor. The visitor declared that he was perfectly able and willing to pay for what he required; exhibited his money, threatened proceedings for assault and battery, and vowed he would bring his action for slander as well. The landlord's solicitor considered his client was getting cheaply out of the scrape by paying down fifty pounds as a *solutium* for the wounded feelings and wet clothes of swindler number two.

Fatal Affray at Driftwood.

The early part of last week, Thomas McHale, a woodsman, who has been working in Ardell's camp for a few months, came to Driftwood, where he drank heavily. On Wednesday morning last he went to a saloon kept by one Walter Scott, or, as he is commonly called by his friends, "Scotty," where he helped himself, against the wishes of Scotty. Some words ensued about the unpaid bill, when McHale left, threatening Scotty. Between the hours of one and two o'clock he again went into Scotty's place, where again ensued angry words. Scotty ordered him out; he refused to go. This enraged Scot, who said he would see who run that place, closed and latched the front door, and then went at it. Scot swore that McHale attacked him first; that he had him almost to the floor and attempted to cork him. At this time Scot called for help and picked up an iron tobacco cutter, weighing eight pounds, struck McHale on the head, inflicting a cut on his forehead one inch long; also a triangular shaped cut a little to the right of the forehead, three-fourths of an inch in one direction and one-half inch in another. After Scott struck McHale parties were attracted by the noise; Scott opened the door and McHale was sitting on a table, his face bleeding. He then went to Wm. Hatten's and washed the blood from his face and got a piece of plaster put on the cut. He continued to drink until Sunday, when he called upon Dr. Tobert, who dressed his cuts and took therefrom half-ounce of pus, after which he expressed himself as feeling better. Before leaving the office he had two fits, which lasted five minutes. Dr. Tobert told him to go to his hotel and keep quiet. On Monday afternoon he went down in the bar-room and smoked a cigar. While there had a violent fit and was taken to his room, when he became delirious and unmanageable, it requiring three men to hold him. Before he died it was necessary to tie him to the bed. About 10:30 Monday night, Mr. Griffin, who was taking care of him, summoned Dr. Smith, who came at 12 o'clock. Dr. Smith saw at once that the man was dying, and that he could not help him; he refused to interfere with the case—it being Dr. Tobert's. At 6:20 Tuesday morning he died.

Many reports were in circulation about the fight, but when the fact is taken into consideration that none but Scott and McHale were in the saloon at the time of the fight, no reliance can be placed in reports.

On Tuesday morning Coroner R. P. Heilman was notified and he arrived at 1 o'clock, summoned the following jury: Levi Musser, A. J. McDonald, Frank Haak, H. H. Mullin, Harry Dutcher, Fred. A. Blackwell, and proceeded to hold an inquest on the body of Thomas McHale. Thirteen witnesses were examined, among whom was Walter Scot, the assailant. He was much affected and gave his testimony without any effort to shield himself. The jury requested a post-mortem examination. Coroner Heilman, assisted by Dr. Torbert, made the examination, which developed the following: No tracture of the skull; blood has oozed out of the nostrils; on right side of neck, little back, is a dark colored spot, and back from that extends several dark streaks down the back; beneath the scalp is a bloody plus; bloody plus on top of head; inflammation of the membrane, extending to the brain itself.

After discussing every point, the jury, at 7 o'clock, rendered the following verdict:

"That the said Thomas McHale came to his death from inflammation of the brain and not otherwise; the cause of said inflammation we are not able to determine."

Walter Scott has had a narrow escape and he can thank his stars that McHale was not confined to his bed directly after the fight.

Thomas McHale is 37 years old and unmarried. His parents, who reside at Towanda, Pa., have been telegraphed to, but if they do not come his friends will give him a respectable burial.

Marvelous but True.

If a musket ball be fired into water it will not only rebound but be flattened; if fired through a pane of glass it will make a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread it makes no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.

Cork, if sunk two hundred feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of water.

In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles.

At Hamburg, in Germany, the longest day has seventeen hours and the shortest seven. At Stockholm the longest has eighteen and one-half hours and the shortest five and one-half. At Finland the longest has twenty-one and one-half hours. At Wondorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

"Duty stares me in the face," as a certain prominent senior remarked, when the Custom-house officer caught him smuggling a few dozen promenade kids.

In a Dunbury clothing store is a card announcing: "Perfect fitting garments. Every suit sets as good as a hen."

New Stories about Cats, Eels, Spiders, Etc.

A MELANCHOLY CAT.

E. B. Entwisle, of Phœnixville, is the owner of a cat which is a great favorite with the family, but which has caused him a considerable amount of trouble. It has a habit of occasionally straying off and remaining away for several days at a time. When it goes away it is fat and sleek, and when it returns it will be thin and emaciated. The reason for the strange conduct of this feline was a thing that its owner could not find out until a few months ago, when the cat was discovered sitting on the limb of a tree. Mr. Entwisle used all the persuasive eloquence he possessed to get the cat to descend—but it was of no avail. Clubs and stones were then resorted to, with still less success. The feline, instead of coming down, ascended still higher, until it reached the topmost branch of the tree, where it sat for two days and two nights, when it came down from its roost and trotted off for home, where it arrived looking more like a living skeleton than the well-fed and fat animal it was when it left. The cause for its strange freaks of what appears to be melancholy is difficult to account for.

A SPIDER'S WAR DANCE.

Dr. Philip S. Baker of Asbury University read a paper upon "Playfulness," at a meeting of the Indiana College Association, in Indianapolis, on Friday last, in the course of which he relates the following curious stories about bees and a spider: "A good friend on the accuracy of whose observation I can depend, informed me that one day one of his workers flew into the hive bearing a little pellet of something with which she and her companions played much as young kittens do with a ball of yarn. A gentleman one day noticed a large spider conducting herself in a very peculiar manner, which he soon interpreted to be intense fear for an immense wasp, the spider's natural enemy. The spider was evidently trying to escape, but was compelled to stand on guard. The fight was watched with exceeding interest, and at last, by some good and rare fortune, the spider made a telling attack and killed her enemy. As soon as she became conscious she was out of danger she performed the most amusing motions—a war dance perhaps—seemingly indicative of great glee."

A SLIPPERY EEL STORY.

A wonderful eel story comes from Huntingdon. The foreman on the Delamater estate at Eaton's Neck found one of the drains stopped, and on beginning to clean it out found that the obstruction was caused by a monstrous eel. It defied all efforts to remove it from the pipe, and a sharp blow only had the effect of driving in farther in. Then he chopped off about two feet of the tail, when the eel began backing out, and repeating the blows as it came out, he cut in it pieces. Taking the mangled remains home in a handcart he placed the pieces together in line and the extent was about twenty feet. He described the eyes as being "as big as a sheep's." Unfortunately the man did not save the pieces. "I do not know what I was thinking about," said he, "but I foolishly gave them to the hogs." The grating in the drain was put in about fifteen years ago, and it is supposed that the eel had been imprisoned since that time, unable to reach salt water.

A PARROT SCATTERING RAILROAD PASSENGERS.

At the McHenry House, Meadville, there is a parrot which is a source of great annoyance to train men. When it sees a freight train coming it will yell at the top of its voice, "Switch off! switch off!" The enunciation is so distinct that it not unfrequently happens that the train will be switched to avoid a supposed danger. The same bird, when it sees a passenger train, will yell "All aboard!" and thereby cause a scattering among passengers, who, after sitting in the cars for ten or fifteen minutes, will discover that they have been sold.

A Devoted Wife.

In my father's poultry-yard was a game-cock, the most beautiful bird of the kind I ever saw. He had several wives, and it was a curious thing to see the different airs and graces of the ladies in his trains. He was an inveterate fighter, if he could escape from the yard, which was surrounded by a high wall. By some means, an accident had happened to his foot, and he became lame. My brother, who was a medical student, advised us to poultice it. Mamma undertaking this, Ralph came every morning to have his foot dressed, and though evidently suffering very much, allowed her to attend to it. But no improvement came, and the poor bird began to droop.

One day we heard a loud noise; a famous game-cock had come into the yard when the gate was left open attacked Ralph, and had beaten him severely. He was sorely injured, though he had defended himself well. Mamma picked him up and carried him away, but next morning he was out in the yard, warming himself in the sun. I was very glad I was there to see what I then saw, or I could not have believed it. Ralph had been beaten! He was no longer to be honored by his faithless wives. They came first one by one, and then all together, looking with all the contempt they could display. One and another pecked at him, and at last the prettiest, and his favorite, went straight up to him and gave him a severe dab near his eye.

But there was one faithful friend among them, an awkward, bustling brown hen, with no pretensions to beauty, who flew to his rescue, stood resolutely before the prostrate bird—for he had sunk to the ground, as if heartbroken—and sheltered him with her wings. It was useless to leave him in the poultry-yard, so he and his faithful brown hen were placed in the garden, the tool-house being left open for them during the night. Some weeks passed, and Ralph grew weaker, till one morning we found him dead. A grave was dug, and his faithful wife saw him placed in it. She was taken back to the yard; but she never rallied, and a few days after we saw her lying cold and lifeless on the spot where the friend of her generous heart lay buried.—*Chamber's Journal.*

Playful Fish.

One pleasant summer afternoon I was standing on the shore of a pond on Long Island—way down—where Mr. Hallock has, I trow, many times and oft cast a line, watching the play of swallows as they skimmed just over the surface of the water shortly before sunset. About one hundred yards out was a bed of lilly pads, and as the swallows skipped it, occasionally a good-sized ripple could be seen and sometimes a break from the edges, indicating fish there. This fastened my attention to the particular place. I had often seen cats play with swallows, swooping at them, but the idea of fish doing the same was something new to me. Presently I saw a clean breach and a fine large pickerel showed his whole size and got a swallow too, as he disappeared beneath the water. This I saw repeated several times and I called the attention of my companion to this novel sight. While we were watching we saw two large fish break at the same swallow, the fish coming from opposite directions and each head on to each. Both missed the swallow, but, singular to relate, only one fish was seen to fall into the water, and neither was seen to pass the other. My companion and myself looked with wonder. There was a great commotion in the water, with a continuous spattering, and a boat being handy we jumped in and rowed to the spot and picked up the largest pond pickerel I ever saw. When we had him in the boat the mystery was solved; the smaller of the fish had, in his eagerness for the swallow, jumped clear down the larger one's throat, and only the tail to the extent of about an inch showed. The large fish was completely rent asunder and killed by the catastrophe. Both together weighed twenty-two pounds.—*Forest and Stream.*

Fashion Gossip.

Pheasant brown will be popular in new millinery goods.

The tendency of fashion is to increase the size of the bonnet.

Beaded passementeries promise to be more popular than ever.

Gypsy hats in large quantities are seen among late importations.

Tape-like borders or feather edges are seen on the new taffeta ribbons.

Most of the new spring dresses are made with a basque-bodice and a double skirt.

The latest importation of spring straw bonnets show a prevalence of poke shapes.

Buttons in fanciful colors are much used on black as well as on solid colored costumes.

Ostrich tips and large, snowy artificial flowers will be used to excess in spring millinery.

Old gold straw braids, alternating with black chip, appear in many spring hats and bonnets.

Dark collars will continue to be more fashionable even in late spring and early summer goods.

Gobelin ribbons, in all the old tapestry collars and effects are seen among late millinery importations.

The favorite dark spring colors will be marine clues, brownish reds, dark, dull greens and reddish purples.

Few spring costumes are made of one fabric. Frequently two, three and four materials are seen in one dress.

Gloves are worn very long and bracelets are placed over them upon the wrists, not the swell of the arm.

Imported Scotch ginghams, sheer batiste, and the new crape fabrics are all combined in many spring costumes.

Fichus, barbes and scarfs, of black or white Spanish lace will be used in draping the crowns of summer bonnets.

The new ribbons show cashmere effects, polka dots and Japanise designs on a satin surface of any of the new colors.

The valuable jewel lost by the Princess Louise at the time of her recent accident, has been found in the sleigh.

The new gypsy hats will be worn either low on the forehead, or tilted far back on the head, at the option of the wearer.

All shades of violet are fashionable, from the color of an iris or a wood violet to the deep soft tone of the Parmese violet.

A special novelty in straw bonnets and hats is the cashmere effect obtained by introducing colored threads into the braids.

The Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, of Harvard, now a stalwart man of 70, is said to have been a very Dominie Sampson in his teens. His precocious intellectuality did not interfere with his athletic capacities. He was so strong and agile that on one of his vacation pedestrain tours he was offered by a farmer extra wages if he would "turn in and help" in the harvest field.

Personal.

Francis D. Moulton is making a large fortune in the salt business.

Bishop Glossbenner, of the U. B. Church, is lying ill of pneumonia at Chambersburg.

The present Marquis of Anglesey comes into a splendid landed property with an estimated income of $500,000 a year—a very agreeable sum.

Congress may burn its fingers by counting in Ignatius Donnolly, of Minnesota. He changes his politics every time he puts on a fresh paper collar.

The *Hour* says that the custom in the English theatres of requiring ladies occupying stalls to lay aside their bonnets has not ceased to occasionally enrage our fair countrywomen abroad. Yet it is an admirable arrangement for the comfort of the other spectators, as every knows who assists at a crowded first night at one of our own dramatic temples.

The Earl of Zetland has given notice that as the conditions of feu of properties in Grangemouth prohibit the use of them as hotels, public houses, or dramshops, or for the use of malt or spirituous liquors, the prohibition will be applied on and after May 15. All the hotels and spirit shops in Orangemouth stand on ground belonging to the Earl, and they all come under this veto.

Queen Victoria cannot be made the target of opera glasses when she opens Parliament—the officials remorselessly suppress all that appear. When the King of the Belgians, on a certain occasion leveled his lorgnette at Lord Beaconsfield, while the latter was delivering a speech in the House, the noble Lord was very nearly "put out," and the chamber was not a little agitated.

Every day we have evidence that the small boy has no soul. The other day a crowd gathered around a farmer whose wagon load of butter and eggs was fast in a mud hole, and while some suggested that he pull his horse gee, and others that he pull him haw, the every present small boy yelled, "It's no use, Mister. Yer old horse ain't stout enough. Take him out and hitch in a roll of yer butter."

Trust not a mule's heels nor a dog's teeth, neither a man who says he will pay you Saturday.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We have before us the *London Quarterly* and the *Westminster Review* for January, reprinted by the LEONARD SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., 41 Barclay St., N. Y.

In the former we have reviews of three very interesting biographies. That of Lord Bolingbroke, who was distinguished alike for his brilliant talents and his intemperance, is to a great extent a political history of England during the fourteen years that preceded the death of Queen Anne. The review of the recently published life of Bishop Wilberforce gives a delightful sketch of the man, with many anecdotes. Scarcely any Englishman has enjoyed a larger share of personal celebrity. Most readers, however, will perhaps turn to the paper on Prince Metternich, whose recently published Memoirs are attracting great attention. Those who may not have access to the work will have much satisfaction in reading this paper, which aims to exhibit the character and policy of that illustrious statesman.

Other articles are "The Progress of Taste;" "The Successors of Alexander and Greek Civilization in the East," which estimates the effects of the conquests of Alexander on the whole Oriental world; and "The Romance of Modern Travel," which calls to mind many old friends among sportsmen and wanderers in distant lands, and introduces us to some new ones.

We have little space left for the *Westminster Review*. Besides an article on "The Relation of Silver to Gold as Coin," advocating a bimetallic currency, there are articles on "Colonial Aid in War Time," "Early Greek Thought," "The Grand Dukes of Tuscany," "Social Philosophy," Russia and Russian Reformers," and "Contemporary Literature," forming a valuable number of this well-known Review.

The publications reprinted by The Leonard Scott Publishing Co. (41 Barclay Street, N. Y.) are as follows: *The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster*, and *British Quarterly Reviews*, and *Blackwood's Magazine*. Price, $4 a year for any one, or $15 for all, and the postage is prepaid by the Publishers.

THE sales of the midwinter *Scribner* were so large, and the advance orders for the March number of that magazine have been so great, that the publishers have been compelled to order a second edition of the latter issue before publication day. This number will contain the "Tile Club Afloat," with thirty-nine illustrations by members of the club, descriptive of their very jolly excursion last Summer up the Hudson, in a canal boat; also a paper on "Cham," the late French carricaturist of "Charivari," with reproductions of his best work; another installment of Roe's "Success with Small Fruits," with more of the beautiful fruit illustrations which have distinguished this series; the second part of Eugene Schuyler's "Peter the Great," with eighteen illustrations by Charlemange (present painter to the court of Russia), N. de Dmitrieff, and others "The Wards of the United States Government" ("H. H." on the Indian question;) an interesting paper, "Two Views of Napoleon," comparing the Memoirs of Mme. de Remusat and Prince Metternich; fiction by Cable and Mrs. Burnett; extracts from Henry J. Raymond's unpublished Journal, giving interviews with Chase, Stanton, Seward, and others, in 1863, and something about schemes of French intervention in that year; Burroughs' "Notes of a Walker," &c. The departments, it is promised, will be unusually readable.

Our European Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.]

BERLIN, Germany, Feb. 10.

Towards the close of last year it was repeatedly stated that Prince Bismarck was on the point of leaving Vargin. According to a communication sent to the *National Zeitung* by some one who is said to write on the subject with authority, no statement of this nature is worthy of attention. It seems that when Prince Bismarck is in the country he never lets any one know his intention to return to Berlin until he has taken his seat in the train. He then sends a brief telegram to his family informing them that he is "off." He adopted this plan because he disliked the bustle and excitement which used to be caused in his household by the announcement of his approaching departure. The prolonged absence of the Chancellor from the capital is not the result of his doctor's orders, and that his health is excellent. He is at present carrying on a bit of private retaliating warfare with one of his neighbors at Vargin. The latter, upon making a discovery that a little herd of wild boars, settled on the former's estate, was in the habit of making devastating inroads among his potato plantations and winter reserves, lately enticed the grunters into a new field at a considerable distance from Bismarck's estate and with a retinue of keepers and farm lads armed to the teeth surrounded the enemy and caused such a frightful slaughter of the invaders, that when on the one part they proceeded to look for the dead on the other—the Bismarck side—they went for the missing, and there was nothing found but *chair-a-pate* and *hures de sanglier*. It appears that the Chancellor's wrath ventilated itself in very strong language at the loss of his pet hogs that a declaration of war in due form went forth to the other side, and that a powerful watch-tower is being erected upon the limits of the Vargin estate, whence the Prince is going to look out for an opportunity to annihilate his foeman.

The German Army List for 1880, the first completed copy of which was formally presented to the Emperor on January 1st, has been just published. From the new list it appears that although their number has been reduced during the last twelvemonths it has not yet been found possible to fill up all the vacancies in the commissioned ranks of the German forces. Of the 105 regiments of infantry of the line twelve only have at the present moment their full complement of officers. It is true that in some of the regiments of the Guards the number of officers is in excess of the proper establishment, but nevertheless there are altogether 410 vacancies in the infantry of the army for second-lieutenants. The cavalry also is short of officers, one regiment being deficient of more than half its complement of second-lieutenants; but the artillery is very fully supplied. On the other hand, the number of officers not actually serving with the colors in time of peace, but whose services would be available in time of war, has increased of late—the present Army List showing 6,238 landwehr officers of all ranks and arms of the service and 5,034 reserve officers. Among the landwehr officers whose services would be especially valuable in a European campaign—and the German army is of course organized exclusively with a view to European warfare—may be noted 138 belonging to the Railway Regiment. With regard to the officers of the army we find that, of the fourteen commanding generals, as many as ten have completed their fifty years of service. The old Prussian military families, it may be remarked, are still well represented in the service, there being forty-five Arnims, thirty-eight Bulows and thirty-three Kleists in the list.

The position of Germany is still far from settled, and the earth trembles under their feet. Every German of rank appears to have an uncomfortable feeling that unexpected events may at any moment occur which would threaten the peace and tranquility. Since Germany has become an empire and a Great Power she has become much more sensitive to European movements than formerly. Questions of external policy are far more important to them than they were at the time of the German Bund, which was regarded by its neighbors as an inertness that could not be of use to any one, and being also harmless, that nobody thought of attacking. Now that they are an empire their friendship is still but little sought, while, on the other hand, they are regarded with bitter enmity both by their western and their eastern neighbors. What their attitude toward them should be is perfectly clear. They are more than a match for any single enemy; but they would have good reason to fear a coalition. The rapid changes in their alliances show how uncertain and disturbed is the sphere in which they move. Only the other day their best ally was Russia; now, almost unexpectedly, Austria has taken her place—Austria, whom a short time ago was looked upon as their most dangerous enemy. Alsace-Lorraine and Schleswig are like cannon balls to the foot of a convict at the hulks; socialism gnaws her vitals and the population of States until 1866 independent nationalities, always attached to the memory of their former autonomy, only bide their time to shake off the yoke of the empire. LOUIS.

Prince Lobanoff, the new Russian ambassador, who has just reached London, and whose style of living is of barbaric splendor, is not as rich as he was some few years since, but is still magnificent. The horse he rides is shod with silver, but this is not vulgar display, but from a conviction that silver is the best metal for the purpose.

Hon. Samuel Butler, State Treasurer elect, has rented his farm in Chester county and will remove to Harrisburg in the spring.

Lumber.

P. B. CRIDER & SON,

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BELLEFONTE

PLANING MILL

MANUFACTURERS OF

Sash Doors, Sidings. Floorings, Mouldings, Scroll Work, Stairs Building Material, Cottage Bedsteads,

Frame Work, and all styles of work generally found in a first-class planing mill.

HENRY W. FOUTZ, 10 23 6m Bellefonte, Pa.

Drugs and Medicines.

ESTABLISHED. 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

F. P. GREEN,

DRUGGIST,

Bush House Building, Bellefonte. Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on short notice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first class drug store. Particular attention given to preparing physician's prescriptions, and family recipes. 6 1 1y

BEST IN THE WORLD!

ARM AND HAMMER BRAND. CHURCH & CO'S BI-CARB. SODA. ABSOLUTELY AND CHEMICALLY PURE.

AND

SALERATUS

Which is the same thing.

Impure Saleratus or Bi-Carb Soda (which is the same thing) is of a slightly dirty white color. It may appear white, examined by itself, but a COMPARISON WITH CHURCH & CO'S "ARM AND HAMMER" BRAND will show the difference.

See that your Saleratus and Baking Soda is white and PURE, as should be ALL SIMILAR SUBSTANCES used for food.

A simple but severe test of the comparative value of different brands of Soda or Saleratus is to dissolve a dessert spoonful of each kind with about a pint of water (hot preferred) in clear glasses, stirring until all is thoroughly dissolved The deleterious insoluble matter in the inferior Soda will be shown after settling some twenty minutes or sooner, by the milky appearance of the solution and the quantity of floating flocky matter according to quality.

Be sure and ask for Church & Co.'s Soda and Saleratus and see that their name is on the package and you will get the purest and whitest made. The use of this with sour milk, in preference to Baking Powder, saves twenty times its cost.

See one pound package for valuable information and read carefully.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR GROCER.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Estate of Henry McEwen, late of Walker township, deceased. Letters testamentary upon the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same without delay to

SOPHIA McEWEN,
JAS. H. CARNER,
Executors.

Hublersburg, Pa, 12-7-3t

TURNPIKE NOTICE.—A meeting of the Stockholders of the Bellefonte and Philipsburg Turnpike Company will be held at the office of Adam Hoy, Esq., on Monday, the 1st day of March, 1880, for the purpose of electing five directors to serve the ensuing year, or until others are chosen. JOHN IRVIN, JR., Sec'y.

12-6 3t. Bellefonte, Pa. Feb. 10, 1880.

Miscellaneous.

BOOKS FOR THE MILLION

WOMAN AND MARRIAGE

A large, new and complete Guide to Wedlock, containing, with many others, the following chapters: A competent Womanhood, Selection of Wife, Evidences of Virginity, Temperaments, Compatible and Incompatible, Sterility in women, cause and treatment, Advice to Bridegroom, Advice to Husbands, Advice to Wives, Prostitution, its causes, Celibacy and Matrimony compared, Conjugal duties, Conception, Confinement, Love and Courtship, Impediments to Marriage, in male and female, Science of Reproduction, Single life considered, Law of Marriage, Law of Divorce, Legal rights of married women, etc., including Diseases peculiar to Women, their cause and treatment. A book for private and considerate reading, of 320 pages, with full Plate Engravings, by mail, sealed, for 50 cents.

"The Private Medical Adviser" on Syphilis, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Stricture, Varicocele, etc., also on Spermatorrhœa, Sexual Debility, from Self-abuse and Excesses, causing Nervousness, Aversion to Society, Confusion of Ideas, Physical decay, Dimness of Sight, Defective Memory, Loss of Sexual Power, etc., making the proper or unhappy, giving treatment, and a great many valuable receipts for the cure of all private diseases; same size, over 50 plates, 50 cents.

"Medical Advice," a lecture on Manhood and Womanhood, 10 cents; or all three in one nicely bound volume, $1. They contain 600 pages and over 100 illustrations, embracing everything on the generative system that is worth knowing, and much that is not published in any other work. The combined volume is positively the best Popular Medical Book published, and those dissatisfied after getting it, can have their money refunded. The Author is an experienced physician of many years' practice, (as is well known,) and the advice given, and Rules for treatment laid down, will be found of great value to those suffering from Impurities of the system, early errors, lost vigor, or any of the numerous troubles coming under the head of "Private" or "Chronic" Diseases. Sent in single volumes, or complete in one, for Price in Stamps, Silver or Currency. (Consultation confidential, and letters are promptly and frankly answered without charge.) Address Dr. Butts' Dispensary, 12 North 6th Street, St. Louis, Mo. (Established, 1847.)

For Sale by Newsdealers. AGENTS Wanted.

(DR. BUTTS invites all persons suffering from RUPTURE to send him their name and address, and hereby assures them that they will learn something to their advantage.—It is Not a Truss.)

PROF. HARRIS' RADICAL CURE FOR SPERMATORRHŒA. —THE— "SEMINAL PASTILLE."

A Valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency by their own way, viz: Direct Application to the principal Seat of the Disease, acting by Absorption, and exerting its specific influence on the Seminal Vesicles, Ejaculatory Ducts, Prostate Gland, and Urethra. The use of the Remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience, it is quickly absolved and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the sexual and nervous organizations wrecked from self-abuse and excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the ruined to health and a sound manhood, removing the Dimness of Sight, Nervous Debility, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, etc. etc., and the appearance of premature old age usually accompanying this trouble, and restoring perfect Sexual Vigor, where it has been dormant for years. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. Druggists are not much regarded in these troubles, and, as many can bear witness to, with but little, if any permanent good. There is no nonsense about this preparation. Practical observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give satisfaction.—During the eight years that it has been in general use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered, of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery to so many, and upon whom quacks prey with their useless nostrums and big fees. The Remedy is put up in a neat box, enough to last a month, and sent in a plain wrapper by mail, sealed, for $3.—Two boxes (usually effect a permanent cure unless in severe cases), $5.—Three boxes lasting three full months, (will stop emissions and restore vigor, in the worst cases,) $7.—Full DIRECTIONS for using will accompany EACH BOX. (Send for a Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations, which will convince the most sceptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, as-one as if never affected. Sent Sealed for stamp to any one. Sold ONLY by the

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS, Market and 8th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

PLUM WANTED and MORE MONEY than you ever thought possible. A competent business man in every county in the U. S. to sell the "Dispepsalia of Things Worth Knowing" by subscription. To such men, with good references, we furnish the outfit free, and give terms that will insure a worker over $100 a month. Address INTERNATIONAL PUB. CO., P. O. Box 2462, St. Louis, Mo.

DR. A. G. OLIN

MARRIAGE GUIDE

A new work, price 50 cents by mail. Mysteries of Nature, Philosophy of Marriage, Physiology of Generation, Secrets of Nature revealed, Manhood, a wealth of information, Womanhood, a world of knowledge, Love, its laws, power and phases, Perfect Beauty, how to obtain it, Etiquette, Directions for Writing Letters of Introduction, Choice and Selection of Husband or Wife, Courtship, Marriage, Jealousy, Flirting, Physiognomy, Phrenology, Hints to Lovers, Advice to Mothers, Management of Children, Diseases and Remedies, Cookery, Dress, Health, Beauty, Perfumes, Cosmetics, Secrets for Ladies, Hints to Gentlemen, Etiquette in

Bellefonte Republican.

By EDWARD T. TUTEN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Correspondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

Local Department.

—Mr. John Irvin, of this place, has located in Altoona for the present.

—Have you seen the Conqueror Wringer at Jas. Harris & Co's? 9-2t

—McVeytown will soon have another bank in operation—a sand bank.

—Our merchants are of the opinion that the spring trade of 1880 will be brisk.

—The ceiling of the Bush House office has been handsomely kalsomined.

—South Bend Chilled Plows have been proven to be all right. Send for circulars to H. K. Hicks.

—There is some talk of continuing the present term at the public schools a month longer than usual.

—The Methodists of Pleasant Gap had a series of revival meetings last week, conducted by Rev. Wood.

—We hear that Dr. Calder, late President of the State College, intends making Harrisburg his home in the future.

—Mr. Wilson Fleming and lady, who have been visiting friends and relatives out of the county, returned home last week.

—Blue birds have made their appearance in town, and may be heard on most any bright morning singing gaily from the house tops.

—Don't take any stock in the report that the railroad through this county is to run to Spruce Creek instead of Tyrone. Nothing in it.

—We hear that a boy living near the mill dam mashed his hand one day last week while playing about the machinery at the planing mill.

—A pocket-knife peddler was trying to dispose of 2-dollar knives for twenty-five cents on the Diamond last Thursday. His trade was not brisk.

—Mr. William Burns, of Houtzdale, formerly of this place, came home last week, intending to remain until the excitement attending the Houtzdale strike is over.

—We are informed that a lady was seen coming out of a house on Spring street at two o'clock Monday morning. This being leap-year we suppose it was all right.

—The Lock Haven *Republican* says: "Two cars of the express freight east were wrecked at Pine near midnight on Monday." Where's "Midnight," anyhow?

—Mr. Milton Tate, son of Councilman Tate, who has been employed at the car shops at Berwick, Pa., met with an accident a short time ago, and came home to recruit.

—We guess Tyrone's new paper mill is a sure thing. The contract for building has been awarded. But we haven't heard anything about the proposed steel works lately.

—The regular meeting nights of the Logan Hose Company have been changed from the first and third Thursday evenings to the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month.

—The Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin*, one of the sprightliest dailies in the interior of the State, has donned a new dress of type and a new heading, which looks like prosperity

—The building on High street lately occupied by Thomas Twitmire, saddler, has been renovated and repainted by John D. Sourbeck, who propose to engage in the fruit business again.

—All we lacked of having a thunder shower last Thursday afternoon was a little more rain. We had the right kind of clouds and a couple peals of thunder, but otherwise it was a failure.

—The telephone battery at the exchange office received a thorough overhauling and cleaning last week. Real genteel job—handling zinc, blue vitrol, copper, etc., and Messenger Longwell wants to do the whole thing next time.

—A fashion paper says the spring and summer fashions, in elegance and style, will surpass anything ever seen in America. This will be mighty encouraging news to the man with a big family who is getting four dollars a week and boards himself.

—A large yellow dog, belonging to a farmer over in the valley, was in the Snow Shoe railroad yard last Thursday in rather a used-up condition, having a gash cut in his throat about four inches long, which we are informed he received in a lively encounter with a hog.

"The Creation" at Humes' Hall.

The grand musical event of the season in Bellefonte, which had furnished a subject for much conversation in musical circles, and had been eagerly looked forward to for many weeks, took place at Humes' Concert Hall on Thursday evening of last week. It is hardly necessary for us to say that we allude to the rendition of selecclections from Haydn's great oraorio, "The Creation," by a class composed of some of our ablest local talent, under the direction and leadership of Miss Ohnmacht, accompanied by the celebrated Bellefonte Orchestra.

The hall, on this occasion, was filled to overflowing with the *elite* of Bellefonte and surrounding country. Nearly every seat on the main floor of the hall was occupied, and many were forced to content themselves with accommodations in the gallery. The class and orchestra, the latter under the leadership of Mrs. John G. Love, had been in constant practice on the work since the early part of last fall, under the careful training of Miss Ohnmacht, and as a natural consequence, where so much talent was combined, the piece was strongly presented, and reflected great credit on the lady in charge as well as the performers. Following is the cast, from which it will be seen that Miss Ohnmacht was strongly supported:

Mr. Frank Keller, Mr. Benj. Bradley, Mr. Ellis Orvis, Mr. Thad. Longwell.	Basso
Mr. E. M. Blanchard, Mr. Jas. Gordon, Mr. J. H. Orbison, Mr. Jno, Lyon,	Tenor
Miss Sallie McGinley, Miss Lizzie Campbell, Miss Jennie Dare, Miss Constance Richards, Miss Mary Bradley, Mrs. Dr. T. R. Hayes,	Soprano
Miss Nannie McGinley, Miss Lizzie McCalmont,	Alto

The entertainment was entirely classical in character, and the respective selections were performed with a grace and precision worthy the reputation of the ladies and gentlemen named. The reception given to the piece was a pleasant, but not an enthusiastic one; and while it generally commanded attention, and occasionally brought forth applause, it did not hold the audience sufficiently to score an absolute popular hit. It deserved a better acknowledgment than it received, and its very pretty trios, duets and solos, and inspiring choruses should have carried it through to an unquestionable success. The reason that it fell just short of this lies in the fact that it was not written for a Bellefonte audience. No music of this class was, we believe, ever before produced in this place, and consequently the audience as a whole, was unacquainted with the style, and slow to appreciate it. But good judges of music who were present, and there were many, thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed the entertainment, more so, perhaps, from their knowledge of the amount of hard work required, and the obstacles to be overcome, in correctly presenting the work to the public. We heard one gentleman remark, who occupies a prominent position in musical circles hereabouts, that he considered it the finest musical treat it had ever been his pleasure to attend in Centre county, and others expressed themselves in equally flattering language.

The programme opened with "Representation of Chaos," arranged for the orchestra, which was admirably played, and was followed by a recitative by Messrs. Blanchard and Keller, with full chorus of sixteen voices, a very pretty part, and given with zest and life. Then followed trios, solos, and choruses, all more or less of the same style. "With Verdure Clad," solo, by Miss Ohnmacht, made a very pleasant impression. The lady possesses a rich, melodious voice, and sang with much taste and spirit. "By thee with Bliss," duet, by Miss Ohnmacht and Mr. Keller, was feelingly rendered and brought forth a round of applause. "Now Heaven in Fullest Glory Shone," solo, by Mr. Keller, was well executed, and "Acheived is the Glorious Work," full chorus, was sung with vigor and warmth. In part 2d "The Lord is great," trio with chorus, by Miss Sallie McGinley and Messrs. Keller and Gordon, was one of the prettiest selections rendered, and was well received. The solo, "In Native Worth," by Mr. Edmund Blanchard, was one of the gems of the evening, and sung with telling effect. "On Thee each Living Soul Awaits," trio, by Miss Ohnmacht and Messrs. Keller and Blanchard, was exceptionally good, and "Graceful Consort," duet, by Miss Ohnmacht and Mr. Keller, and the "Heavens are Telling," chorus and trio, in which latter the clear, mellow voice of Mrs. Dr. Hayes was distinguishable, were likewise prominent features of the evening's performance.

We cannot bring this article to a close without saying a word in regard to the fine appearance made by the lady artists who took part in the performance. They were all attired in costumes of the most tasteful and attractive description, and as they grouped themselves upon the stage they presented a picture of beauty such as an artist would delight to gaze upon. Most of them were dressed in spotless white, which was relieved by clusters of flowers, and the delicate perfume and freshness of some proved them to be of nature's own handiwork. Indeed, the ladies all seemed to represent flowers of different types, and together formed one choice bouquet of animated loveliness and s—yes and sweetness, too.

Of the orchestra, which already bears an enviable reputation, we have little to say. It executed the most difficult parts of the oratorio with apparent ease, and acquitted itself throughout in a manner that would have done credit to a professional organization.

A Blaze at Boalsburg.

Last Friday night a large barn on the premises of Mr. David Keller, at Boalsburg, and occupied at the time by Mr. Jacob Bohn, was discovered to be on fire. The flames spread so rapidly, and the heat was so intense, that it was impossible to work to any advantage, and the building, with almost its entire contents, was destroyed. Twelve tons of hay and straw, three hundred bushels of corn on the cob and sixty bushels of oats were burned, and fourteen head of cattle, including some of the finest animals in the country, and three colts, perished in the flames. Of all the live stock, but four horses were saved. A number of farm wagons, threshing machines, farming implements, and the band wagon belonging to the Boalsburg band, were also burned. There was an insurance of $1,000 on the barn, but the personal property, valued at from $1,500 to $1,800, was all uninsured, and Mr. Bohn thus meets with a heavy loss. There are various reports concerning the origin of the fire, but there doesn't seem to be much doubt but that it was the work of an incendiary.

So great was the heat that fences two hundred yards from the barn were set on fire, and the tops of trees at some distance were charred and blackened. The flames from the hay and straw shot into the air hundreds of feet, and the country for miles around was made as light as day. A brisk wind was blowing at the time, and burning shingles were carried to great distance, some, we are told, having been picked up two miles from the scene of the fire.

—On Saturday last quite a number gathered at the Fair Grounds to witness the glass ball shooting match which took place there between several of Bellefonte's "crack" shootists. Mr. W. K. Foster, who scored but three balls, is a novitiate in the present style of glass ball shooting, which accounts for his tender string. The following was the score at the close of the tenth round:

Moore	1 0 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—8
Deschner	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—9
Malin	1 1 1 0 6 1 1 0 1 1—7
Total	24
Hale	1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1—9
Foster, W. K	0 0 0 0 0 1 1 0 1 0—3
Foster, S. F	1 1 0 1 1 0 1 0 0 0—5
Total	17

—Any able-bodied man, armed with a double-barrelled shot gun, can reap an abundant harvest of cats along Linn street most any night in the week. The backyards, fences and trees in that locality swarm with these four-footed disturbers of the peace, and when their lungs get loosened up and the music gets fully under way, the roofs of the houses fairly double up and the crockery rattles on the shelves. The grand concert usually begins about ten o'clock and lasts until the stars fade from view, and the lighting up of the eastern heavens heralds the approach of day.

—Mr. William Lehman, of Glasgow, Mo., son-in-law of Mr. B.C. Lyon, the dry goods merchant of this place, is here on a visit with his family, after an absence of six years. Mr. Lehman thinks Bellefonte one of the prettiest towns in the country, and expects to remain some time within her domain.

—The building formerly occupied by the Bellefonte Press Co. has been turned into a repair shop for carriages, mowing machines, furniture, and about everything else ever invented.

—Fine asssortment of fruit and confectionary, cigars and tobacco, at Sechler's grocery store. Examine these goods when you go there to purchase groceries.

—In the hotels, club rooms and on the street you find people smoking Harry Green's cigars, which tells the story of their popularity.

—A large number of commercial drummers registered at the Bush House last week.

—Everybody who desires to smoke real good cigars goes to Harry Green for them.

A Venerable Justice.

Jacob Baker, Esq., of Howard, Centre county, is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, Justice of the Peace in the State. He holds nine commissions. He was elected in 1840, when the law was changed from the appointing power, and has served as Justice af the Peace ever since. When Howard was organized as a borough he still had a portion of the term to serve for the township; but the citizens supposed that, by reason of the change, he would not legally be a Justice of the Peace for the borough, and re-elected him for a full term of five years, which gives him the nine commissions. He was first elected as a Whig, and reelected by the Republicans when that party was organized. Notwithstanding there has been many political changes in the township and town, he has always been successful, and has never once been defeated for the office. He stands to-day a highly respected citizen, and one of the most conscientious Justices of the Peace in this part of the State.

A Valuable Gift.

Our fellow-townsman, Hon. John B. Linn, has presented to the Maryland Historical Society a manuscript, which is considered of great value to the society, it being the pay list of the regiments composing the famous "Maryland Line" at the time they were mustered out of service in August, 1783. The Philipsburg *Journal* says of the document: "Unfortunately the first and second pages of the manuscript are missing, but the remaining pages contain the names of over fourteen hundred soldiers who survived the war and were mustered out. The pay of a soldier at that time was $7.50 per month. The Maryland historians have never been able to find an authentic list of the private soldiers of the "Linn," and they regard this as a most interesting contribution to the Revolutionary records of the State."

—Attention is called to the advertisement, in another part of the REPUBLICAN, of Goldsmith, Stein & Hexter, who have opened a Philadelphia branch clothing store in the room lately occupied by Newman, on Allegheny street. The room has been newly papered and painted, and the tasteful manner in which the goods are arranged makes it one of the most attractive store rooms in the county. The largest and finest stock of clothing for men and boys and gents' furnishing goods ever offered the public is displayed on their counters, and what is better still the goods are all new and substantial, and are sold at remarkably low figures. Mr. Samuel Lewins, the manager, is a gentleman of much experience in the clothing business, and will be assisted by Mr. Sternberg, who is well known around here as a salesman of great ability. Don't fail to give the new house a call, before buying elsewhere.

—A very useful article for lifting clothes from a wash boiler or tub has recently been patented by J. W. Thomas, of Tyrone. It is called the "Clothes Tongs," and is a very simple contrivance, but will be found a great improvement on the common stick which is usually brought into play on wash day. Mr. J. P. Stewart, of Tyrone, is the sole agent for the State.

—People who live in the vicinity of the depot, and who have been in the habit of putting their letters aboard the train, will have to climb High street with their mail matter hereafter. The Postmaster General has issued an order forbidding the posting of any mail matter on the trains. All mail must pass through the post-office.

—The festival given by the ladies of the Methodist church on Friday and Saturday of last week was well patronized on both days. The tables were loaded down with good things of every description and presided over by attentive waiters. We learn that a gratifying amount was realized.

—Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, formerly of Aaronsburg, this county, but now of Emporia, Kansas, will preach in the Reform church of this place next Sunday morning, on "Missions and Church Work in the West."

—Mr. Ira C. Eddy, of Lock Haven, brother of L. T. Eddy, of Linn & McCoy's Iron Works, was among the visitors to the REPUBLICAN office last week.

—Mr. John Lyon, who is now employed at Pennsylvania Furnace, was at home over Sunday, accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Porter.

—Mr. Lauth and family, of Howard, were in town on Thursday to witness the rendition of Haydn's "Creation."

—Go to Sechler's for your groceries, canned fruits, spices, etc. Everything pure and fresh.

A New Enterprise.

The first floor and basement of the REPUBLICAN building has been leased by Messrs. J. R. and C. T. Alexander, who will open an agricultural implement warehouse and seed store, and engage extensively in the grain and plaster business, in addition to the coal and lime trade already established. A grain elevator will be erected at their coal yard, near the lime kiln, and the highest cash prices will be paid for grain. Alexander & Co. will be the firm name under the new departure, with our fellow-citizen, Wm. Shortlidge, Esq., as general manager. This will be good news to the farmers of the county, especially to those who have had dealings with Mr. Shortlidge in the past. His reputation for fair dealing and honesty is wide-spread, and his large experience in handling grain and coal has given him a thorough knowledge of the business. With such a man at the helm a large and prosperous business should, and no doubt will be, built up.

Fatal Railroad Accident.

A sad accident occurred on last Saturday morning at McCoal's crossing, about two miles from Spring Mills, by which Samuel Weaver, a young man about nineteen years of age, was almost instantly killed. Mr. Weaver, as we understand it, was driving a two-horse team, and attempted to cross the track in front of an approaching train, thinking, probably, that he had plenty of time to accomplish it. But he failed to get out of the way in season, and the engine crashed into the wagon with great force. The unforunate man was thrown a distance of over seventy feet and was terribly mangled. The wagon was a total wreck, but the horses escaped uninjured. We are informed that no blame attaches to the railroad officials, as the engineer gave the usual signal; but why it was not heeded will probably never be known.

—The Williams Brothers are erecting a paint shop on the corner of High and Water streets, below the shoe shop lately put up by Mr. Erhard. In order to make room for the new building the photograph car of Mr. Charles Glenn, which, we are informed, had occupied its former position for over ten years, has been moved a short distance down Water street. Charlie is all fixed up again in his new location, and is prepared to take a better picture than ever.

—In our returns of township elections last week, we mentioned the election of only two School Directors in Huston township, but we have since learned that there were four elected. The two not mentioned in the returns were Henry G. Cronister, Democrat, and John Craig, Republican.

—A horse, saddled and bridled, dashed up Allegheny street on Wednesday afternoon last. A rumor to the effect that the rider had been thrown aad injured created some excitement, but was ungrounded, as the horse had simply broken away from a hitching-post on High street.

—Mr. John A. Wagner, of this place, has been appointed fish warden for Centre county, and will immediately enter upon the duties of his new position. John has great respect for the fish laws, and in him the finny tribe has a watchful guardian.

—We saw a mad woman in Milesburg last Friday—that is, she was "on her ear." A gust of wind swept through the back yard and laid low her week's washing. The oration that followed was brief but to the point.

—Parties from the State College, Loveville, Howard, Milesburg, Zion and other localities attended Miss Ohnmacht's concert, which shows what a wide-spread interest was felt in the entertainment.

—An eight-year-old son of Mr. P. H. Haupht, of Milesburg, named Charles, had the misfortune to break his leg, a few days ago, while at play with his mates.

—Mr. R. J. Sharpley, of Harrisburg, south-eastern passenger agent, Kansas Pacific railroad, was in town yesterday, and gave the REPUBLICAN office a call.

—Many of the roads out in the country are in a fearful condition. Wheel ruts all the way from a foot to a foot and a half deep.

—A good farm hand, of steady habits, may obtain employment by inquiring at this office. A man with small family preferred.

—Use only Miller Bros. ready-mixed paints. They are of pure, white lead and linseed oil. For sale by H. K. Hicks.

—A number of new railroad ties were laid near the depot, on Thursday, and the track otherwise repaired.

To Farmers.

Trusting that my friends and customers will pardon me for possessing a feeling of pride at my unusual success in the plow business during the past year, in addressing this my first communication, I desire to call your attention to the fact that I have sold more than double the quantity of *South Bend Chilled Plows* than there was sold of any other chilled plow in this county. This alone is proof that it is the best plow now before the public. Farmers living at a distance wishing to know the particulars, by dropping me a line I will furnish circulars and a list of names of each and every farmer in the county that I have sold a plow to, in order that they may communicate with them as to the merits of said plow. Any responsible farmer can have two days' trial with this plow before I consider it sold. I could point to numbers of testimonials testifying to the superiority of the plow, but I prefer to let each man be his own judge, believing that true merit will always be appreciated, and I place this, the *South Bend Chilled Plow*, in the hands of the farmers of this county, as an intelligent jury, confident they will in the future, as in the past, render a verdict in my favor.

Very respectfully,
H. K. HICKS.

CUT this out and hand it to your neighbor

BROWN'S DIABETIC CURE,

Established 8 years ago at Green Springs Sandusky county, Ohio, continues to be the wonder of the age in its marvelous cures of *Diabetes, Diuresis, Gravel*, and all forms of *Kidney* and *Bladder* Diseases. To be convinced come or send for a circular and sworn testimony. J. L. BROWN, M. D., Physician in charge.

O. J. SHUTTS, } Trustees.
S. H. SMITH, } 11-15-1y

HAPPY VOICES. (Copyrighted.)
How glad happy voices,
Like sweet Sabbath bells,
O'er the hills and the vales,
The glad story tells
of the celebrated STAR PARLOR ORGAN, manufactured by Alleger, Bowlby & Co., Washington, N. J. The finest organ for less money than any in the United States. Write to them.

Sale Register.

Persons having their bills printed at the REPUBLICAN office will secure notice of sale free of charge in this column:

March 4th.—On the premises of the late William G. Thompson, College twp., horses, cows, young cattle, farming wagons and tools, and household furniture.

March 16—Personal property in Marion twp., one mile east of Jacksonville. Also, on same day, personal property in Ferguson twp.

March 17—William and Ezra Way will sell at auction, one horse, 2 set harness, threshing machine, clover mill, hay fork, rope and pulleys, plows, shovels, a lot of fruit boards, and numerous other farm implements. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m.

March 17—George A. Henderson, on the Henderson Farm, in College twp., personal property, consisting of 3 milch cows, 2 yearling calves, reaper, mower, horse rake, two-horse wagon, buggy, harrows, cultivators, plows, harness, &c. Sale commence at 12 m.

March 18.—At the residence of Frank Stover Boalsburg, work horses, cows, young cattle, sheep, swine, farm wagons, sleighs carriages, farming implements and household furniture.

March 23—Personal property near Pennsylvania Furnace. Also, on same day,

March 23d.—Sale of personal property in Patton township.

March 25—Personal property near Filmore.

March 27—Estate of John Workman, dec'd., at Eagleville, Liberty township, containing one-third acre of ground, thereon erected a one and a half story dwelling house.

March 27—Personal property one mile east of Milesburg.

Feb. 27—At the residence of Adam Swartz near Humes' Mill, one fresh cow, buggy and harness and household furniture.

March 31—Personal property in Stormstown.

PRIVATE SALES.—William D. Smith will sell at private sale a valuable farm of 80 acres in Union twp. Good buildings on premises.

Elias Zimmerman, at Curtin's station, a farm on which there is a valuable ore mine and 50 acres of wood. P. O. address, Milesburg.

A. S. Tipton, Marsh Creek, farm on which there is 2,000,000 feet of oak and pine timber, saw-mill, etc. P O address, Howard.

For further information in regard to above see advertisements in another column.

MARRIED.

FISHER—WEAVER—Feb. 24th, at the home of the bride, near Pine Grove Mills, by Rev. Alfred Koser, Ephram Fisher, of Huntingdon county, to Ella L. Weaver, of Centre Co.

SHROYER—SANGREE—Feb. 24th, at the house of Mrs. Anna Poorman, Central City, by Rev. J. B. Sharer, Mr. A. A. Shroyer to Miss Etta F. Sangree, both of Milesburg.

McCASLAND—BATHURST—Feb. 26th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. B. Sharer, Mr. John D. McCasland, of Milesburg, to Miss Mary F. Bathurst, of Roland.

RUMBERGER—COLE—Feb. 26th, at the home of the bride, in Loveville, by Rev. Alfred Koser, J. R. Rumberger to Anna Cole, both of Centre county.

The Markets.

March 2, 1880.

QUOTATIONS.

Whitewheat per bushel	$1 35
Amber wheat	1 35
Rye per bushel	60
Corn, cob	45
Corn, shelled	50
Oats new	40
Cloverseed	$5 00@5 50
Flour, retail, per barrel	6 75@7 00
Flour, wholesale	6 75@7 00

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay, choice timothy, per ton	$15 00
Hay, mixed, per ton	14 00
Long rye straw, bundled, per ton	6 50
Short straw per ton	5 50@6 50

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	$ 9 00
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	10 00

Provision Market.

Corrected weekly by Valentines & Co.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Beans per quart	8
Fresh butter per pound	25
Chickens per pound	5
Cheese per pound	20
Country hams per pound	9
Hams, sugar cured	
Bacon	6
Lard per pound	7
Eggs per doz	12½
Potatoes per bushel	25
Dried beef	20
Wilson's pressed beef per pound	25
Canned tomatoes per can	16
Lemons per doz	40
Dried sweet corn per pound	8
Small Onions per quart	